



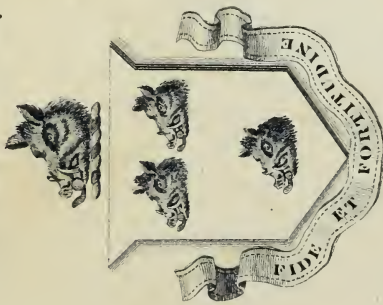
Accessions

157.464

Shelf No.

G.4012.19

Barton Library.



Thomas Bernard Barton.

Boston Public Library.

Received, May, 1873.  
Set to be taken from the Library.

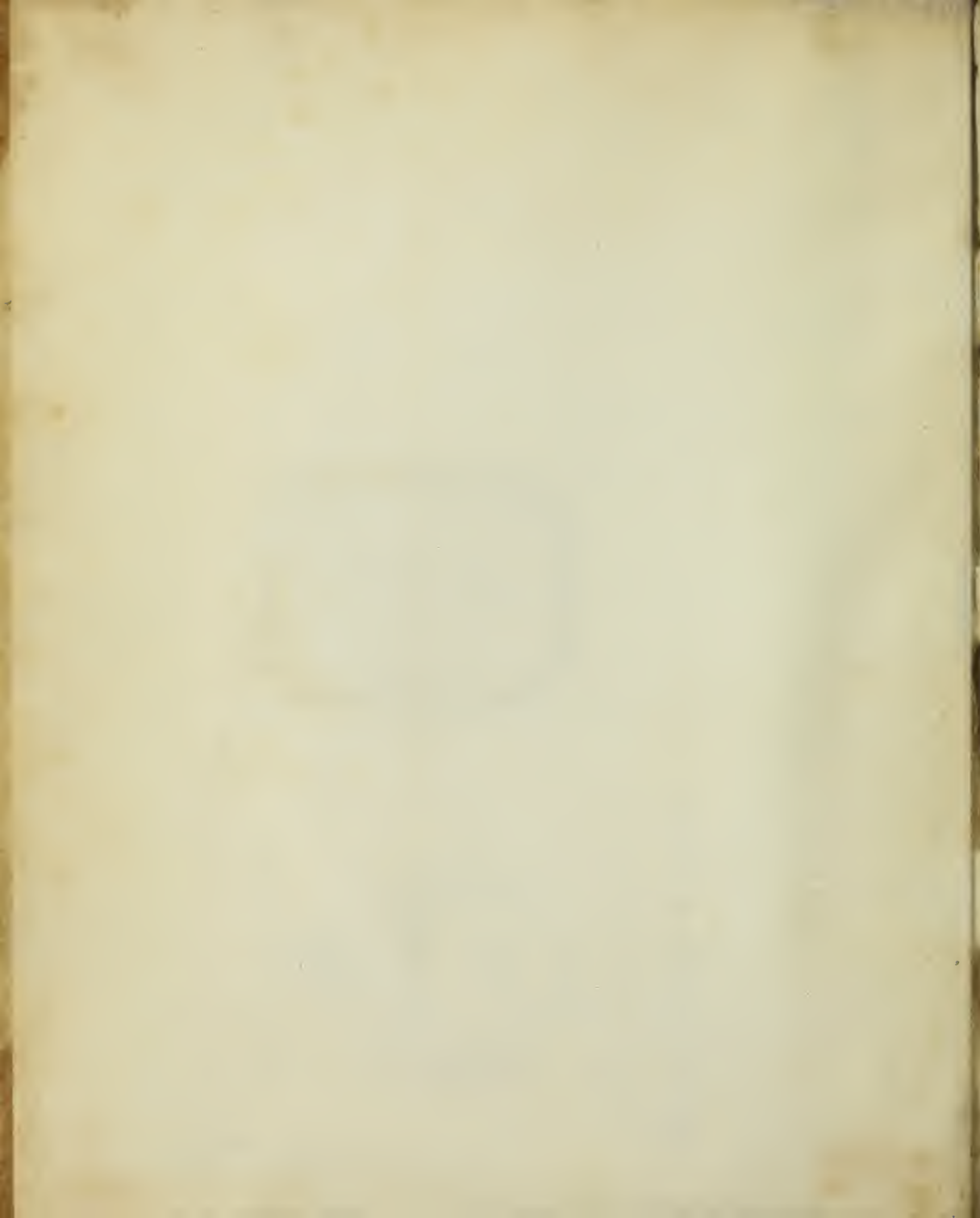
H. R. EVANS.

To the Hon. Mr. [Name] Secretary of the [Organization]  
Washington, D.C.

I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the [Date] regarding [Subject].

In reply, I beg to inform you that [Information].

I am, Sir, very respectfully,  
Your obedient servant,  
[Name]



The Allegation of Hamlet by Mons. Duval.  
From The Correspondent, N.Y.C. published by Longman  
and Co. 1817.

Hamlet is king — and Claudius with a faction  
plots against him.

The Queen, attending her husband on a sick bed  
administers poison to him for love of Claudius,  
but, on the death of the king, struck with remorse  
and horror, she refuses to marry Claudius.

Ophelia is the daughter of Claudius.

The ghost does not appear and is seen by  
Hamlet only in imagination.

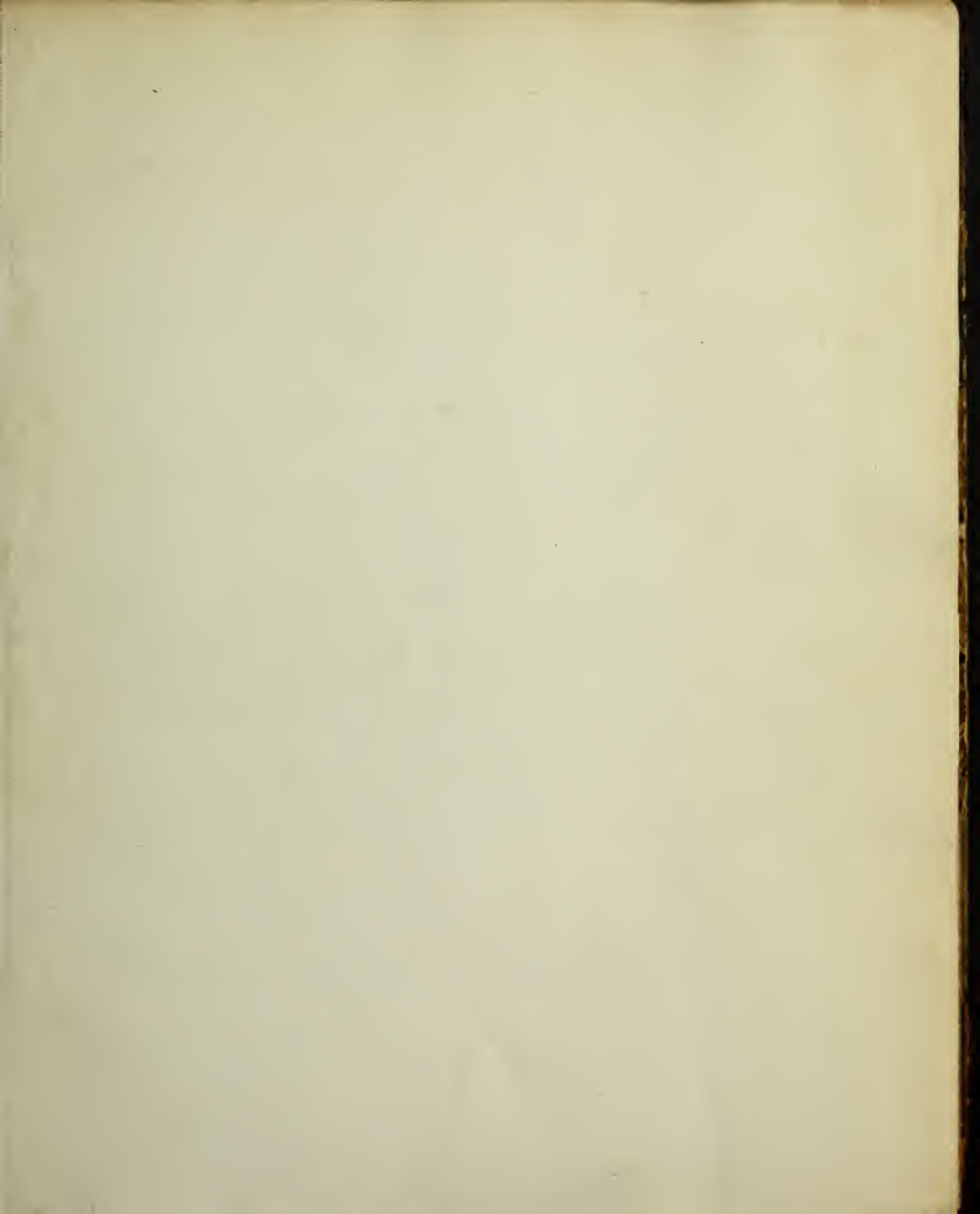
There is no Play, but Voices (the oration  
of Shakespeare) relates instead the story of the  
murder of the King of England.  
Claudius and the queen have such a confident, Polonius (who  
is not a comic character) and Elvira.  
Hamlet does not deviate on the portraits of  
his father  
Hamlet & Claudius, as in H. but in the 5<sup>th</sup> act  
he brings an urn with the ashes of his father in it  
for the Queen to swear upon that she was not  
the murderer of her husband.

There is no grave-digger and funeral scene.  
In the end Claudius as the head of a party besets  
the palace, and, on entering, is slayed by Hamlet.  
The queen kills herself, and Hamlet concludes  
with these words:

"Recept of all mine, in this fatal palace, my

Misfortunes are complete, but my virtue yet remains.  
I am a man, a being, reserved for sufferings; by  
knowing still how to live, I do more than die.

There are some variations of the catastrophe, point-  
ed at the end of the fifth act, by which the Queen  
is preserved.









Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2016



H A M L E T,

Prince of DENMARK;

A

TRAGEDY,

~~As it is now Acted by his~~  
~~MAJESTY'S~~ Servants.

---

Written by

WILLIAM SHAKESPEAR.  
*and altered by*  
*James Plumptre, B.D.*

---

L O N D O N :

Printed for J. Tonson, and the rest of the Proprietors;  
And Sold by the Booksellers of London and  
Westminster. 1734. ✓

151.464

May. 1873

# Dramatis Personæ.

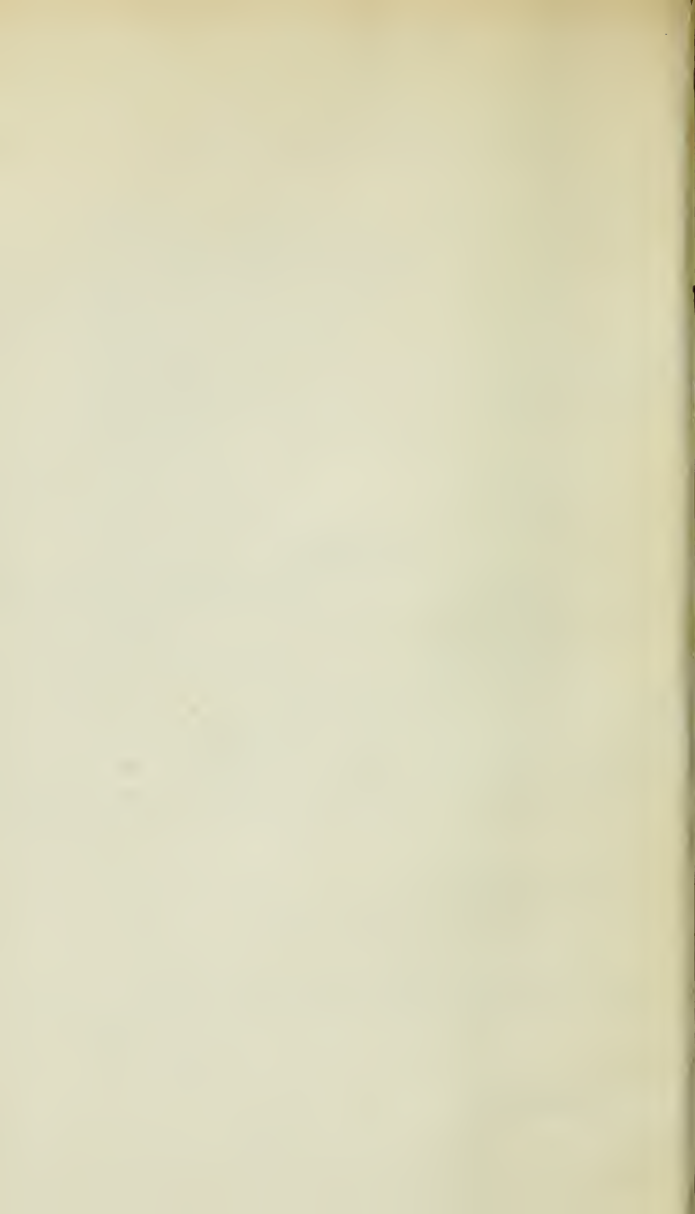
<b>C</b> laudius, <i>King of Denmark,</i>	Mr. Bickerstaff.
Fortinbras, <del>King</del> <sup>Prince</sup> <i>of Norway.</i>	
Hamlet, <i>Son to the former King,</i>	Mr. Wilkes.
Polonius, <i>Lord Chamberlain,</i>	Mr. Cross.
Horatio, <i>Friend to Hamlet,</i>	Mr. Mills.
Laertes, <i>Son to Polonius,</i>	Mr. Ryan.
Rosencrantz, } <i>Courtiers.</i>	Mr. Wilkes Jun.
Guiltensteern, }	Mr. Quin.
Voltimeand.	
Cornelius.	
Ostrick, <i>a Fop.</i>	Mr. Bowen.
Marcellus, <i>an Officer.</i>	Mr. Shepherd.
Bernardo, } <i>Two Centinels.</i>	
Francisco, }	
Reynaldo, <i>Servant to Polonius.</i>	
<i>First Stage,</i> <i>Second</i> <del>Ghost of Hamlet's Father,</del>	Mr. Booth.
Lucianus,	Mr. Norris.
Two Grave-diggers,	Mr. Johnson.
	Mr. Leigh.
Gertrude, <i>Queen of Denmark, and</i>	} Mrs. Porter.
<i>Mother to Hamlet,</i>	
Ophelia, <i>Daughter to Polonius, in</i>	} Mrs. Santlow.
<del>love with Hamlet,</del>	
<i>Ladies attending on the Queen.</i>	

## SCENE, ELSINOUR.

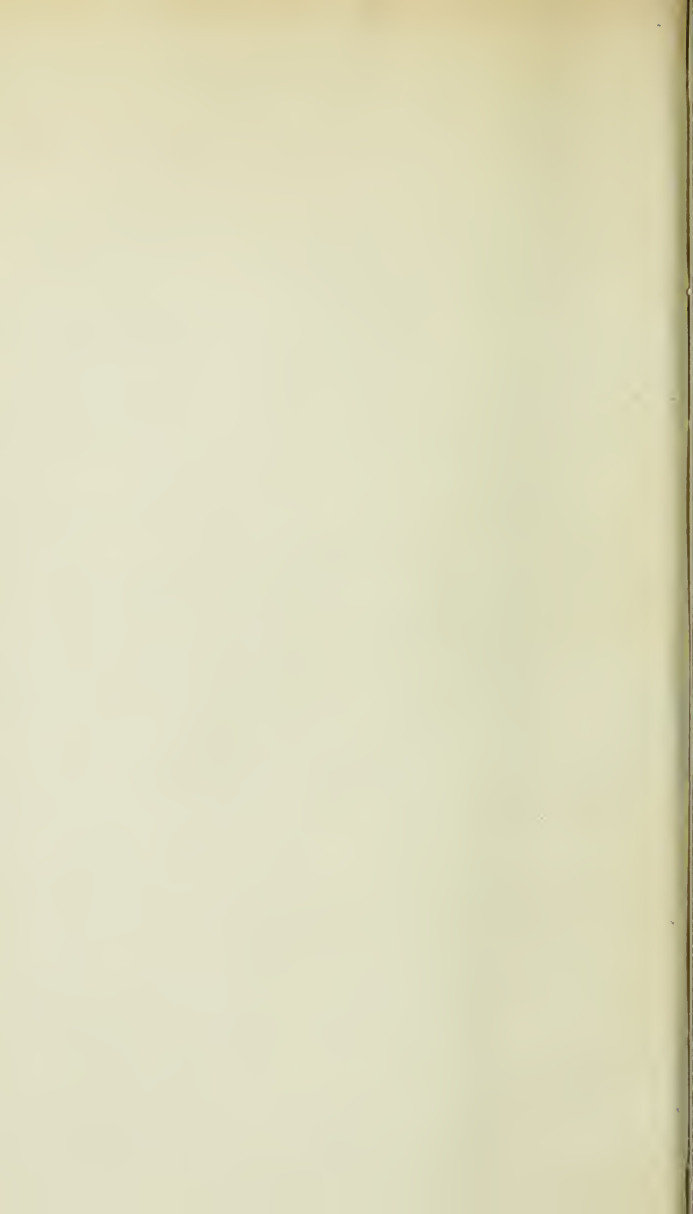
*This Play being too long to be acted upon the Stage, such Lines as are left out in the Acting, are marked thus*

H A M L E T,





















































# H A M L E T,

## Prince of DENMARK.

### ACT I. ~~SCENE I.~~

SCENE I. <sup>platform</sup> ~~An open place~~ before the Palace.

~~Enter Bernardo and Francisco, two Centinels.~~  
*on his post.*

*Enter* BERNARDO.



HO's there?

*Fran* Nay, answer me: Stand and unfold your self.

*Ber.* Long live the King!

*Fran.* Bernardo?

*Ber.* He.

*Fran.* You come most carefully upon your hour.

*Ber.* 'Tis now struck twelve, get thee to bed, *Francisco*,

*Fran.* For this relief, much thanks: 'tis bitter cold,  
And I am sick at heart.

*Ber.* Have you had a quiet Guard?

*Fran.* Not a Mouse stirring.

*Ber.* Well, good night. If you do meet *Horatio* and *Marcellus*,  
The Rivals of my Watch, bid them make haste.

6 HAMLET, Prince of Denmark.

*Enter Horatio and Marcellus.*

*Fran.* I think I hear them. Stand, ho! who's there?

*Hor.* Friends to this Ground.

*Mar.* And Liege-men to the Dane.

*Fran.* <sup>Give you.</sup> Good-night.

*Mar.* <sup>Give you.</sup> Farewel, honest Soldier; who hath reliev'd you?

*Fran.* Bernardo ha<sup>s</sup> my place, <sup>Give you.</sup> good-night.

[Exit Francisco.]

*Mar.* Holla! Bernardo!

*Ber.* Say, what is *Horatio* there?

*Hor.* A piece of him.

*Ber.* Welcome, *Horatio*; welcome, good *Marcellus*.

*Mar.* What, has this thing appear'd again to-night?

*Ber.* I have seen nothing.

*Mar.* *Horatio* says, 'tis but our Phantasy,  
And will not let Belief take hold of him,  
'Touching the dread<sup>ed</sup> fight, twice seen of us:  
'Therefore I have intreated him along  
With us, to watch the Minutes of this Night,  
That, if again this Apparition come,  
He may approve our Eyes, and speak to it.

*Hor.* 'Twill not appear.

*Tush! tush!*

*Ber.* Sit down a while;

And let us once again assail your Ears,  
That are so fortified against our story,  
What we ~~have~~ <sup>have</sup> two Nights seen.

*Hor.* Well, 'fit we down,

And 'let us hear *Bernardo* speak of this.

*Ber.* Last Night of all,

When yon same Star, that's Westward from the Pole,  
Had made his Course <sup>illumine</sup> ~~enlighten~~ that part of Heav'n  
Where now it burns, *Marcellus* and my self,  
The Bell then beating one——

*A Figure appears at the back of the Stage* ~~Enter Ghost~~

*Mar.* Peace, break thee off;

Look where it comes again!

*Ber.* In the same Figure, like the King that's dead.

*Mar.* 'Thou art a Scholar,' speak to it, *Horatio*.

*Ber.* 'Looks it not like the King? Mark it, *Horatio*.

*Hor.* Most like: it ~~startles~~ <sup>harrow</sup> me with Fear and Wonder.

*Ber.*





~~Ber. It would be spoke to~~

Mar. Speak to it, Horatio.

Hor. What art thou that usurp'st this time of night,  
Together with that fair and <sup>noble</sup> ~~valiant~~ Form,  
In which the Majesty of buried Denmark  
Did sometimes <sup>walk</sup> ~~move~~? I charge thee speak.

~~Mar. It is offended~~

Ber. See! it ~~falls~~ <sup>moves</sup> away.

Hor. Stay, speak, speak: I charge thee speak. [*Ex. Ghost figure*]

Mar. 'Tis gone, and will not answer.

Ber. How now, Horatio? you tremble and look pale:  
Is not this something more than Phantasy?  
What think you of it?

Hor. I could not this believe,  
Without the sensible and true avouch  
Of mine own Eyes.

Mar. Is it not like the King?

Hor. As thou art to thy self—  
~~Such was the very Armour he had on,  
When he th' ambitious Norway combated:  
'So crown'd he once, when in an angry parle  
He smote the fledged Pole-ax on the Ice:~~

'Tis strange——

Mar. Thus, twice before, and just <sup>my</sup> at the <sup>dead</sup> same hour,  
With ~~marital~~ <sup>solemn</sup> ~~hall~~ hath he gone by our Watch.

Hor. In what particular thought to work, I know not;  
But, in the scope of mine Opinion,  
This bodes some strange Eruption to our State.

Mar. Pray tell me, he that knows,  
Why this same strict and most observant Watch  
So nightly toils the Subject of the Land:  
' And why such daily cast of brazen Cannon,  
' And foreign Mart for Implements of War:  
' Why such Impress of Shipwrights, whose fore Task  
' Does not divide the Sunday from the Week;  
' What might be toward, that this sweaty haste  
' Doth make the Night joint-Labourer with the Day—  
' Who is't that can inform me?

Hor. That can I;

' At least the Whisper goes so.' Our last King,

S H A M L E T, *Prince of Denmark.*

(Whose Image <sup>even</sup> but now appear'd to us)  
 Was, as you know, by *Fortinbras* of *Norway*,  
 (Thereto prickt on by a most emulate Pride.)  
 Dar'd to the Combat; in which our valiant *Hamlet*  
 ' (For so this Side of our known World esteem'd him)  
 Did slay this *Fortinbras*; who, by a seal'd Compact,  
 Well ratified by Law ~~and~~ *Heraldry*,  
 Did forfeit (with his Life) all those his Lands,  
 Which he stood seiz'd on, to the Conqueror:  
 ' Against the which a Moiety competent  
 ' Was gaged by our King, which had return'd  
 ' To the Inheritance of *Fortinbras*,  
 ' Had he been Vanquisher: As, by the same Compact,  
 ' And Carriage of the Article, design'd,  
 ' His fell to *Hamlet*.' Now, Sir, young *Fortinbras*,  
 ' Of unimprov'd Mettle, hot and full,  
 Hath, in the Skirts of *Norway*, here and there,  
 Shark'd up a List of landless Resolutes,  
 ' For Food and Diet, to some Enterprize  
 ' That hath a Stomach in't; which is no other,  
 ' (As it doth well appear unto our State,)  
 ' But' to recover ' of us, by strong Hand,  
 ' And Terms compulsory, those foresaid Lands  
 So by his Father lost. And this, I take it,  
 Is the main Motive of our Preparations;  
 ' The Source of this our Watch; and the chief Head  
 ' Of this Post-haste, and Romage in the Land.

*Ber.* I think it be no other, but even so  
 Well may it fort that this portentous Figure  
 Comes ~~in~~ <sup>in</sup> thro' our Watch; so like the King  
 That was, and is, the Question of these Wars.

*Hor.* ' A Mote it is to trouble the Mind's Eye.  
 ' In the most high and ~~beauteous~~ <sup>glorious</sup> State of *Rome*,  
 ' A little ere the mightiest *Julius* fell, 'tis said,  
 ' The Graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted Dead  
 ' Did squeak and gibber in the *Roman* Streets,  
 ' Stars shone with Trains of Fire, Dews of Blood fell,  
 ' Disasters veil'd the Sun, and the moist Star,  
 ' Upon whose Influence ~~African's~~ <sup>Ocean's</sup> Empire stands,  
 ' Was sick almost to Doomsday with Eclipse;

' And







‘ And even the like Precurse of fierce Events,  
 ‘ As Harbingers preceding still the Fates,  
 ‘ And Prologue to the omen’d coming on,  
 ‘ Have Heav’n and Earth together demonstrated  
 ‘ Unto our Climates and Countrymen.

*Enter Ghost Figure*

But soft, behold! lo where it comes again! *(In a low under voice)*  
~~‘Tis here it, the’ it blast me.~~ Stay, Illusion!

*[Spreading his Arms.]*

If thou hast any Sound, or use of Voice,  
 Speak to me — If there be any good thing to be done,  
 That may to thee do ease, and Grace to me; speak to me.  
 If thou art privy to thy Country’s Fate,  
 Which, happily, foreknowing, may avoid, Oh speak! —  
 Or, if thou hast uphoarded in thy Life  
 Extorted Treasure in the Womb of Earth;  
 (For which, they say, you Spirits oft walk in Death,)

*[Cock crows.]*

Speak of it. Stay, and speak — ~~Stop it, Marcellus.~~

~~Mar. Shall I strike it with my Partizan?~~

~~Hor. Do if it will not stand.~~

~~Ber. ’Tis here — — — — — Hor. ’Tis here — — — — —~~

Mar. ’Tis gone.

*[Exit Ghost Figure.]*

~~We do it wrong, being so majestic,  
 To offer it the shew of Violence;  
 It is ever, as the Air, invulnerable,  
 And our vain Blows malicious Mockery.~~

~~Ber. It was about to speak when the Cock crew.~~

Hor. And then it started like a guilty thing  
 Upon a fearful Summons. I have heard  
 The Cock that is the Trumpet to the Morn,  
 Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding Throat  
 Awake the ~~God~~ <sup>sleeping</sup> Day; and, at his Warning,  
 Whether in Sea or Fire, in Earth or Air,  
 Th’ extravagant and erring Spirit hies  
 To his Confine; ‘ And of the Truth herein,  
 ‘ This present Object made probation.

‘ Mar. It faded ~~at~~ the Crowing of the Cock.  
 ‘ Some say, that ever ’gainst that Season comes,  
 ‘ Wherein our Saviour’s Birth is celebrated,

10 HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.*

- This Bird of Dawning singing<sup>eth</sup> all night long:
- And then, they say, no Spirit dares stir abroad,
- The Nights are wholsom, then no Planets strike,
- No Fairy takes, nor Witch hath power to charm;
- So hallow'd, and so gracious is that Time.

*Hor.* 'So have I heard, and do in part believe it.  
 But, look, the Morn, in ruffet Mantle clad,  
 Walks o'er the Dew of yon high Eastern Hill;  
 Break we our Watch up; and, by my Advice,  
 Let us impart what we have seen to night  
 Unto young *Hamlet*: Perhaps  
 This Spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him.

- Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it,
- -As needful in our Loves, fitting our Duty?

*Mar.* Let's do't, I pray; and I, this Morning, know  
 Where we shall find him most conveniently. [Exeunt.]

*A room of State in*  
 S C E N E II. *The Palace.*

*the*  
 Enter King, Queen, Hamlet, Polonius, Laertes, Volt-  
 mand, Cornelius, Gentlemen and Guards.

*King.* Tho', yet, of *Hamlet* our dear Brother's Death  
 The Memory be green; and that it us besetted  
 To bear our Hearts in Grief, and our whole Kingdom  
 To be contracted in one brow of Woe;  
 Yet, so far hath Discretion fought with Nature,  
 That we, with wisest sorrow, think on him,  
 Together with remembrance of our selves.  
 Therefore, our sometime Sister, now our Queen,  
 Th' Imperial Jointress of this warlike State,  
 Have we, as 'twere with a defeated Joy,  
 With one auspicious, and one dropping Eye,  
 With Mirth in Funeral, and with Dirge in Marriage;  
 In equal Scale weighing Delight and Dole,  
 Taken to Wife. Nor have we herein barr'd  
 Your better Wisdoms, which have freely gone  
 With this Affair along; - For all our thanks.  
 Now follows, that you know, young *Fortinbras*,  
 Holding a weak supposal of our Worth;  
 Or thinking, by our late dear Brother's Death,

• Our





HAMLET, Prince of Denmark. 11

' Our State to be disjoint, and out of frame,  
 ' Collegued with this Dream of his Advantage.  
 ' He hath not fail'd to pester us with Message,  
 ' Importing the Surrender of those Lands  
 ' Lost by his Father, with all Bands of Law,  
 ' To our most valiant Brother : So much for him.  
 ' Now, for our self, and for this time of Meeting :  
 ' Thus much the Business is ; We have here writ  
 ' To *Norway*, Uncle of young *Fortinbras*, —  
 ' Who, impotent and bed-rid, scarcely hears  
 ' Of this his Nephew's Purpose, to suppress  
 ' His further ~~Gait~~ herein; in that the Levies,  
 ' The Lists, and full Proportions, are all made  
 ' Out of his Subjects ; and we here dispatch  
 ' You, good *Cornelius*, and you, *Voltimand*,  
 ' ~~Forbearers of this greeting~~ <sup>old</sup> to *Norway*;  
 ' Giving you no further personal Power  
 ' ~~To be sought~~ with the King, more than the Scope  
 ' Of these dilated Articles allow —  
 ' Farewel; and let your Haste commend your Duty.  
 ' *Cor. Vol.* In that, and all things, we will shew our Duty.  
 ' *King.* We doubt it nothing: heartily farewell.

[*Exeunt Voltimand and Cornelius.*]

' And now, *Laertes*, what's the News with you ?  
 ' You told us of some Suit; what is't *Laertes* ?  
 ' You cannot speak of Reason to the *Dane*,  
 ' And lose your Voice: What wouldst thou beg, *Laertes*,  
 ' That shall not be my Offer, not thy asking ?  
 ' The Head is not more native to the Heart,  
 ' The Hand more instrumental to the Mouth,  
 ' Than is the Throne of *Denmark* to thy Father.  
 ' What wouldst thou have, *Laertes* ?

*Laer.* My dead Lord,  
 Your Leave and Favour to return to *France*;  
 From whence, tho' willingly, I came to *Denmark*;  
 To shew my Duty in your Coronation ;  
 Yet now, I must confess, that Duty done,  
 My Thoughts and Wishes bend again towards *France* ;  
 ' And bow them to your gracious Leave and Favour, pardon.

*King.* Have you your Father's Leave ? what says *Polonius* ?  
*Pol.*

12 HAMLET, Prince of Denmark.

Pol. He hath, my Lord, <sup>2</sup>by labour<sup>m</sup> Petition,  
Wrung from me my slow Leave; and at last,  
Upon his Will I seal'd my hard Consent:

'I do beseech you give him Leave to go.

King. Take thy fair Hour, Laertes; time be thine,  
'And thy best Graces;' spend it at thy will.

But now, my Cousin Hamlet, and my Son —

Ham. A little more than kin, and less than kind.

King. How is it, that the Clouds still hang on you?

Ham. Not so, my Lord, I am too much i'th' Sun.

Queen. Good Hamlet, cast thy night<sup>g</sup> Colour off,  
And let thine Eye look like a Friend on Denmark.

Do not for ever, with thy veiled Lids,

Seek for thy noble Father in the Dust;

Thou know'st 'tis common, all that live must die,

Passing thro' Nature to Eternity.

Ham. Ay, Madam, it is common.

Queen. If it be,

Why seems it so particular with thee?

Ham. Seems, Madam! Nay, it is; I know not seems:

'Tis not alone ~~this mourning~~ <sup>my ink, cloak</sup> good Mother,

'Nor customary Suits of solemn Black,

'Nor windy Suspiration of forc'd Breath,

'No, nor the fruitful River in the Eye,

'Nor the dejected Haviour of the Visage,

Together with all Forms, Modes, <sup>and</sup> Shapes of Grief;

That can denote me truly. These, indeed, seem,

'For they are Actions that a Man might play;

But I have that within which passeth Shew.

These! but the Trappings, and the Suits of Woe.

King. 'Tis sweet and commendable in your Nature,

To give these mourning Duties to your Father: [Hamlet.]

But, you must know, your Father lost a Father,

That Father lost, lost his, and the Survivor bound

In filial Obligation for some term

To do obsequious Sorrow. But to persevere

In obstinate Condolement, ~~is a course~~ <sup>is a course</sup>

Of impious Stubbornness; 'tis unmanly Grief.

'It shews a Will most incorrect to Heaven;

'A Heart unfortify'd, or Mind impatient;







' An Understanding simple and unschool'd :  
 ' For, what we know must be, and is as common  
 ' As any the most vulgar thing to Sense.  
 ' Why should we, in our peevish Opposition,  
 ' Take it to heart? Fy! 'tis a Fault to Heav'n,  
 ' A fault against the Dead, a fault to Nature,  
 ' To Reason most absurd; whose common Theme  
 ' Is Death of Fathers, and who still hath cry'd  
 ' From the first Course, till he that died to-day,  
 ' This must be so. We pray you, throw to Earth  
 This unprevailing Woe, and think of us  
 As of a Father; ~~and~~ let the World take note,  
 You are the most immediate to our Throne :  
 ' And, with no less Nobility of Love,  
 ' Than that which dearest Father bears his Son,  
 ' Do I impart towards you - For your intent,  
 ' In going back to school <sup>in</sup> ~~to~~ Wittenberg,  
 ' It is most retrograde to our Desire:  
 ' And we beseech you, bend you to remain  
 ' Here, in the Cheer and Comfort of our Eye,  
 Our chiefest Courtier, Cousin, and our Son.

*Queen.* Let not thy Mother lose her Prayers, *Hamlet*;  
 I pray thee stay with us, go not to *Wittenberg*.

*Ham.* I shall in all my best obey you, *Madam*.

*King.* Why, 'tis a loving and a fair Reply. —  
 Be as our self in *Denmark*. *Madam*, come,  
 This gentle and unforc'd Accord of *Hamlet*  
 Sits smiling to my Heart; in grace whereof,  
 No jocund Health that *Denmark* drinks to-day,  
 But the great Cannon to the Clouds shall tell,  
 ' And the King's Rouse, the Heav'n shall bruit again,  
 ' Re-speaking earthly Thunder. Come, away. [*Exeunt*.]

*Manet Hamlet.*

*Ham.* O that this too too solid Flesh would melt,  
 Thaw, and resolve itself into a Dew;  
 Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd  
 His Canon 'gainst Self-Murder! *Slaughter!*  
 How weary, stale, flat, and unwarrantable  
 Seem to me all the Uses of this World!  
 Fye on't! O fye! 'tis an unweeded Garden,

That it

14 HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.*

That grows to Seed; things rank and gross in Nature  
 Possess it merely. That it should come to this!  
 But two Months dead! nay, not so much, not two  
 So excellent a King, ~~that was to this,~~  
 ' *Hyperion to a Satyr*: So loving to my Mother,  
 That he ~~permitted~~ <sup>might</sup> not the Winds of Heav'n  
 Visit her Face too roughly. ' Heav'n and Earth!  
 ' Must I remember? — why, she would hang on him,  
 As if Increase of Appetite had grown  
 By what it fed on; and yet, within a Month? —  
 Let me not think on't — Frailty, thy Name is Woman! —  
 A little Month! — ' or ere those Shoes were old,  
 ' With which she followed my poor Father's Body,  
 ' Like *Niobe*, all Tears — Why she, even she —  
 ' O Heav'n! A Beast, that wants Discourse of Reason,  
 ' Would have mourn'd longer; — married with mine Uncle,  
 My Father's Brother; but no more like my Father,  
 Than I to *Hercules*. ' Within a Month!  
 ' Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous Tears  
 ' Had left the Flushing in her galled Eyes  
 ' She married. O most wicked Speed! to post  
 ' With such dexterity to incestuous Sheets!  
 ' It is not, nor it cannot come to good!  
 ' But, breaks, my Heart; for I must hold my tongue!

*Enter Horatio, Bernardo, and Marcellus.*

*Hor.* Hail to your Lordship.

*Ham.* I am glad to see you well;

*Horatio*, or I forget my self?

*Hor.* The same, my Lord, and your poor Servant ever.

*Ham.* Sir, my good Friend; I'll change that Name  
 with you:

And what makes you from *Wittenberg*, *Horatio*?

*Marcellus*? —————

*Mar.* My good Lord! —————

*Ham.* I am very glad to see you; good even, Sir:  
 But what, ~~in faith~~, makes you from *Wittenberg*?

*Hor.* A truant Disposition, good my Lord.

*Ham.* I would not hear your Enemy say so;  
 Nor shall you do mine Ear that violence,  
 To ~~be a witness~~ <sup>make it longer</sup> of your own Report.

Against





Against your self. I know you are no Truant;  
But what is your Affair in *Elfinoor*?  
We'll teach you to drink deep ere you depart.

*Hor.* My Lord, I came to see your Father's Funeral.

*Ham.* I prithee do not mock me, Fellow-Student;  
I think it was to see my Mother's Wedding.

*Hor.* Indeed, my Lord, it follow'd hard upon.

*Ham.* Thrift, thrift, *Horatio!* the funeral bak'd Meats  
Did coldly furnish forth the Marriage-Tables:  
Would I had met my dearest Foe in Heav'n,

*Or* *Hor.* I had seen that Day, *Horatio!*  
My Father, -- methinks I see my Father.

*Hor.* Where, my Lord?

*Ham.* In my Mind's Eye, *Horatio.*

*Hor.* I <sup>never</sup> saw him <sup>yet</sup> once; he was a goodly King.

*Ham.* He was a Man, take him for all in all,  
I shall not look upon his like again.

*Hor.* My Lord, I think I saw him yesternight.

*Ham.* Saw! who? ———

*Hor.* My Lord, the King your Father.

*Ham.* The King my Father!

*Hor.* ~~But~~ your Admiration for awhile  
With an attentive Ear, till I may deliver,  
Upon the Witness of these Gentlemen,  
This Wonder to you.

*Ham.* ~~Pray~~ let me hear. <sup>For Heaven's love,</sup>

*Hor.* Two Nights together had these Gentlemen,  
*Martellus* and *Bernardo*, on their Watch,  
In the dead Waste, and middle of the Night,  
Been thus encounter'd: A Figure, like your Father,  
~~And arm'd exactly Cap-a-pie~~

Appears before them, and with solemn March  
Goes slow and stately by them; ~~as~~ since he walked,  
' By their oppress'd and fear-surprised Eyes,  
Within my Rapier's length; whilst they, ~~with~~ <sup>with</sup> ~~stand~~ <sup>stand</sup> ~~dumb~~  
Almost to jelly with their Fear,  
Stand dumb, and speak not to him. This to me,  
In dreadful Secrecy, impart they did,  
And I, with them, the third Night kept the Watch;  
Where, as they had deliver'd both in time,

Form

inclin'd

us;

my father,

are the dead

ters,

uprose.

against such tales,  
it yield.

ways us'd.

our play-fellow,

come forth,

to sleep.

lay-fellow?

e seen his face.

hands and robe.

16 HAMLET, Prince of Denmark.

Form of the thing, each word made true and good,  
The Apparition comes. ' I knew your Father:

' These Hands are not more like.

*Ham.* But where was this?

*Mar.* My Lord, upon the Platform where we watch'd.

*Ham.* Did you not speak to it?

*Hor.* My Lord, I did,

But answer made it none; yet once, methought,  
It lifted up its Head, and did address  
It self to Motion, like as it would speak :  
But even then the Morning Cock crew loud;  
And at the Sound it thrunk in haste away,  
And vanish'd from our Sight.

*Ham.* 'Tis very strange.

*Hor.* As I do live, my honour'd Lord, 'tis true;  
And we did think it <sup>was</sup> ~~then~~ our Duty

To let you know it <sup>^</sup> ~~then~~.

*Ham.* Indeed, Sirs, but this troubles me.  
Hold you the Watch to-night?

*Both.* We do, my Lord.

*Ham.* Arm'd, say you?

*Both.* Arm'd, my Lord.

*Ham.* From top to toe?

*Both.* From head to foot.

*Ham.* Then saw you not his face?

*Hor.* O, yes, my Lord, he wore his Beaver up.

*Ham.* What, look'd he frowningly?

*Hor.* A Countenance more in Sorrow than in Anger.

*Ham.* Pale or red?

*Hor.* Nay, very pale.

*Ham.* And fix'd his Eyes upon you?

*Hor.* Most constantly.

*Ham.* I would I had been there.

*Hor.* It would have amaz'd you.

*Ham.* Very like, <sup>was</sup> ~~did~~ it long?

*Hor.* While one with moderate haste might tell a  
hundred.

*All.* Longer, longer.

*Hor.* Not when I saw it.

*Ham.* His Beard was grizzled.

*Hor.*



Ham. In sooth, Floratio, I'm but ill inclin'd  
To give an ear to tales of apparitions;  
But, yet, my mind misgives me of my father,  
And, could I think that one could leave the dead  
In order to divulge mysterious matters,  
My father's is the case I should suppose.

Hos. My mind, my lord, was shut against such tales,  
But to the ocular proof I could but yield.

Ham. How was he draps'd?

Hos. He wore, my lord, the robe  
Which in his hours of ease he always us'd.  
Oft, in the garden, honour'd as your play-fellow,  
So have I seen the reverend king come forth,  
And in the arbour lay him down to sleep.

Ham. How look'd he, my lov'd play-fellow?

Hos. My lord, we have at no time seen his face.  
He held his head down 'neath his bands and robe.



~~Hor. It was, as I have seen it in his Line,~~

~~A sable-river'd.~~

Ham. I'll watch to night; perchance 'twill walk again.

Hor. I warrant, my Lord, it will.

Ham. If it assume my noble Father's Person,  
I'll speak to it, ~~tho' Hell itself should gape,~~  
~~And bid me hold my Peace.~~ I pray you all,  
If you have hitherto conceald this Sight,  
Let it ~~be true~~ <sup>be true</sup> your silence still:

And whatsoever else shall hap to-night,  
Give it an Understanding, but no Tongue;  
I will requite your Loves. So, fare you well;  
Upon the Platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve,  
I'll visit you.

All. Our Duty to your Honour. [Exeunt.]

Ham. Your Loves, as mine to you: Farewel:

My Father's Spirit ~~is Arm'd~~ <sup>walk</sup>! All is not well;  
I doubt some foul play: 'would the Night were come;  
Till then, sit still, my Soul: foul Deeds will rise,  
Tho' all the Earth o'erwhelm them, <sup>to</sup> from Men's Eyes.

Scene V. An Apartment in Polonius' house. [Exit.]  
Enter Laertes and Ophelia.

Laer. My Necessaries are imbark'd, farewell:

And, Sister, as the Winds permit,  
And Convoy is assistant, do not sleep,  
But let me hear from you.

Oph. Do you doubt that?

Laer. For Hamlet, and the trifling of his Favour,  
Hold it a Fashion and a toy in Blood;  
A Violet in the Youth and Primy of Nature,  
Forward, not permanent, ~~the~~ sweet, not lasting,  
The perfume of a minute.

Oph. No more but so?

Laer. Think it no more:

For Nature, crescent, does not grow alone,  
In Thews and Bulk; but, as this Temple waxes,  
The inward Service of the Mind and Soul  
Grows wide withal. Perhaps he loves <sup>you</sup> thee now;  
And now no Soil, nor Cause, doth besmerch  
The Virtue of his Will: But, you must fear:  
His Greatness weigh'd, his Will is not his own;

For

18 HAMLET, Prince of Denmark.

For he himself is subject to his Birth;  
 He may not, as <sup>unlike</sup> ~~inferior~~ Persons do,  
 Carve for himself; for on his Choice depends  
 The Safety and <sup>the</sup> Health of the whole State.  
 ' And therefore must his Choice be circumscrib'd  
 ' Unto the Voice and yielding of that Body,  
 ' Whereof he is the Head. Then, if he says he loves you,  
 ' It fits your Wisdom so far to believe it,  
 ' As he, in his peculiar Act and Place,  
 ' May give his Saying deed; which is no further,  
 ' Than the main Voice of Denmark goes withal.  
 Then weigh what Loss your Honour may sustain,  
 If with <sup>too</sup> your credent <sup>ears</sup> Ear you <sup>lose</sup> ~~hear~~ his <sup>words</sup> ~~Pardon~~,  
~~' Or lose your Heart; or your chaste Treasure open~~  
~~' To his unmaster'd Importunity.~~

Fear it, Ophelia, fear it, my dear Sister;  
 ' And keep <sup>within</sup> ~~within~~ the Rear of your Affection,  
 ' Out of the shot and danger of Desire.

The charest Maid is prodigal enough,  
 If she unmask her Beauty to the Moon:  
 ' Virtue it self scapes not calumnious Strokes,  
 ' The Canker galls the Infants of the Spring,  
 ' Too oft before their Buttons be disclos'd;  
 ' And in the Morn and liquid Dew of Youth,  
 ' Contagious Blastments are most imminent.  
 ' Be wary, then; best safety lies in fear;  
 ' Youth to it self rebels, tho' none else near.

*As watchman to* Oph. I shall th' effects of this good Lesson keep  
~~About~~ <sup>my</sup> my Heart: But, good <sup>my</sup> Brother,  
 Do not, as some ungracious Pastors do,  
 Shew me the steep and thorny way to Heaven;  
 Whilst, like <sup>rustic and reckless</sup> a Libertine,  
 Himself, the Primrose Path of Dalliance treads,  
 And reek not his own Reed.

Laer. Oh, fear me not,  
 I stay too long; but here my Father comes.

Enter Polonius.

' A double Blessing is a double Grace;  
 Occasion smiles upon a second Leave.

Pol.





HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.* 19

*Pol.* Yet here, *Laertes!* aboard, aboard, for shame.  
 ' The Wind sits in the shoulder of your Sail,  
 ' And you are staid for. There, my Blessing with you,  
 ' And these few Precepts in thy Memory  
 See thou character: Give thy Thoughts no Tongue,  
 Nor any uuproportion'd Thought his Act:  
 ' Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar;  
 ' The Friends thou hast, and their Adoption try'd,  
 ' Grapple them to thy Soul with Hooks of Steel:  
 ' But do not dull thy Palm, with Entertainment  
 ' Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd Comrade. Beware  
 ' Of entrance to a Quarrel; but, being in,  
 ' Bear't, that th<sup>e</sup> Opposer may beware of thee.  
 ' Give every Man thine Ear, but few thy Voice;  
 ' Take each Man's Censure, but reserve thy Judgment.  
 ' Costly thy Habit as thy Purse can buy,  
 ' But not express'd in Fancy; rich, not gaudy:  
 ' For the Apparel oft proclaims the Man,  
 ' And they, in *France*, of the best Rank and Station,  
 ' Are most select and generous, chief in that.  
 ' Neither a Borrower, nor a Lender be;  
 ' For Loan oft loses both it self and Friend:  
 ' And borrowing dulls the Edge of Husbandry.  
 ' This, above all, to thine own self be true;  
 ' And it must follow, as the Night the Day,  
 ' Thou canst not then be false to any Man.  
 ' Farewel; my Blessing season this in thee!

*Laer.* Most humbly I do take my leave, my Lord.

*Pol.* The Time invites you; go, your Servants tend.

*Laer.* Farewel, *Ophelia*, and remember well

What I have said to you.

*Oph.* 'Tis in my Memory lock'd,

And you yourself shall keep the Key of it.

*Laer.* Farewel.

[*Exit Laer.*

*Pol.* What is't, *Ophelia*, he hath said to you?

*Oph.* So please you, something touching the Lord *Hamlet*.

*Pol.* ~~What~~ Well bethought; *Ophelia*;

'Tis told me, he hath very oft, of late,

Given private time to you; and you yourself

Have of your Audience been most free and bounteous.

If it be so, (as so it seems to be,  
And that in way of Caution,) I must tell you,  
You do not understand your self so clearly,  
As it behoves my Daughter, and your Honour,  
What is between you? give me up the Truth.

*Opb.* He hath, my Lord, of late made many Tenders  
Of his Affection to me.

*Pol.* Affection! puh! you speak like a green Girl,  
Unlist'd in such peridious Circumstance.

Do you believe his Tenders, as you call them?

*Opb.* I do not know, my Lord, what I should think.

*Pol.* ~~Marry~~ <sup>Why then</sup> I'll teach you; think your self a Baby;  
That you have ta'en these Tenders for true Pay,  
Which are not Sterling. Tender your self more dearly;  
' (Or not to crack the Wind of the poor Parafe,  
' Wringing it thus,') you'll tender me a Fool.

*Opb.* My Lord, he hath importua'd me with Love,  
In honourable fashion.

*Pol.* Ay, fashion you may call it: go to, go to.

*Opb.* And hath given countenance to his Speech, my  
With almost all the holy Vows of Heaven. [Lord.

*Pol.* Ay, Springes to catch Woodcocks. I do know,  
When the Blood burns, how prodigal the Soul  
Lends the Tongue Vows: ' These Blazes, Daughter,  
' Giving more Light than Heat, extinct in both,  
' Even in their Promise, as it is a making, —  
' You must not take for Fire. From this time, Daughter,  
' Be somewhat scancer of your Maiden Prefence;  
' Set your Intreatments at a higher rate.  
' Than a Command to parley: For Lord *Hamlet*,  
' Believe so much in him, that he is young;  
' And with a larger tether may he walk,  
' Than may be given you. In few, *Ophelia*,  
' Do not believe his Vows; for they are Brokers,  
' Not of that Dye, which their Investments shew,  
' But mere Implorers of unholy Suits,  
' Breathing like sanctify'd and pious Bawds,  
' The better to beguile.' This is for all:  
I would not, in plain Terms, from this time forth,  
Have you so slander any moment's leisure,





↳ Mat. My lord, we have observ'd, that, on our watch,  
The warlike sounds of joy no more are heard,  
The music which was wont to cheer the dreary night  
Is hush'd in silence.

Ham. The king no longer &c.

HAMLET, Prince of Denmark. 21

As to give words, or talk with the Lord Hamlet :

Look to't, I charge you ; come your ways.

Opb. I shall obey, my Lord. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV. The Platform before the Palace.

Enter Hamlet, Horatio, ~~and~~ Marcellus, and ~~Bernardo~~

Ham. The Air bites shrewdly ; it is very cold.

Hor. It is a nipping and an eager Air.

Ham. What hour now ?

Hor. I think it lacks of twelve.

Ham. No, it ~~is~~ struck.

Hor. <sup>indeed?</sup> I heard it not : Then it draws near the Season,  
Wherein the Spirit held his wont to walk.

~~[Noise of warlike Musick within]~~  
~~What does this mean, my Lord?~~

Ham. The King ~~doth~~ <sup>doth</sup> wake to-night, and takes his route,

Keeps wassel, ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> the swaggering Upland reels ;

And as he takes his Draughts of Rhenish down,

~~The~~ <sup>he</sup> Kettle-Drum and Trumpet ~~do~~ <sup>now</sup> ~~proclaim~~ <sup>bring out</sup>

The Triumph of his Pledge.

Hor. <sup>is</sup> it a Custom ?

Ham. ~~An many is't.~~ *In truth, it was.*

But to my Mind, tho' I am native here,  
And to the manner born, it is a Custom  
More honour'd in the Breach than the Observance,

‘ This heavy-headed Revel, East and West,  
‘ Makes us traduc'd and tax'd of other Nations :  
‘ They chafe us, Drunkards, and, with swinish Phrase,

‘ Soil our Addition : and, indeed, it takes  
‘ From our Achievements, tho' perform'd at height,  
‘ The Pith and Marrow of our Attribute.

‘ So, oft it changes, in particular Men,  
‘ That, for some vicious Mole of Nature in them,  
‘ As, in their Birth, wherein they are not guilty,

‘ (Since Nature cannot choose his Origin)  
‘ By the ~~o'er~~ o'er-growth of some Complexion,  
‘ Oft breaking down the Pales and Forts of Reason :

‘ Or by some Habit, that too much o'er-leavens  
‘ The Form of plausible Manners, that these Men, —

Car.

*end us all!*  
*L!*  
*et c.*

*the garden door;*

22 HAMLET, Prince of Denmark.

' Carrying, I say, the Stamp of one Defect,  
 ' Being Nature's Livery, or Fortune's Scar,  
 ' Their Virtues else, (be they as pure as Grace,  
 ' As infinite as Man may undergo,)  
 ' Shall in the general Censure take Corruption  
 ' From that particular Fault: The Dram of Base]  
 ' Doth all the noble Substance of <sup>Worth</sup> out,  
 ' To his own Scandal.

Enter ~~Ghost~~ the Figure

Hor. Look, my Lord, it comes!

Ham. Angels and Ministers of Grace defend us!  
 Be thou a Spirit of Health, or Goblin damn'd;  
 Bring with thee Airs from Heaven, or Blasts from Hell;  
 Be thy Intent wicked or charitable,  
 Thou com'st in such a questionable Shape,  
 That I will speak to thee: I'll call thee Hamlet,  
 King, Father, Royal Dane, Oh! answer me,  
 Let me not burst in Ignorance! - but tell  
 Why thy canoniz'd Bones heretofore in Death,  
 Have burst their Cerements? why the Sepulchre,  
 Wherin we saw thee quietly interr'd,  
 Hath op'd his ponderous and marble Jaws,  
 To cast thee up again? What may this mean,  
 That thou dead ~~corse~~, again in <sup>earthly</sup> ~~complete~~ <sup>earthly</sup> ~~visit~~  
 Revisit'st thus the Glimpses of the Moon,  
 Making Night hideous? And we, Fools of Nature,  
 So horribly to shake our Disposition  
 With Thoughts beyond the reaches of our Souls?  
 Say, Why is this? wherefore? what should we do?

[Ghost beckons Ham.]

Hor. It beckons you to go away with it,  
 As if it some Impartment did desire  
 To you alone.

Mar. Look with what courteous Action  
 It waves you to a remote Ground;  
 But do not go with it.

Mar. No, by no means. <sup>2</sup>, [Holding Hamlet.

Ham. It will not speak; then will I follow it.

Hor. Do not, my Lord.

Ham.

Mar. My lord, we have  
 The warlike sounds of  
 The music which was  
 To hush'd in silence.

Ham. The king no longer

O God of heaven and earth, defend us all!  
My father in his habit as he liv'd!  
(In a low under voice) Thou com'st &c.

Hor. It moves, my Lord, towards the garden door;

Scene V. The Garden of the Palace with an arbour.

The Figure enters followed by Hamlet and Horatio. The Figure moves towards the arbour, stops, takes his hands and robe from his face, and takes a phial out of his pocket, Here. It is the king mine Uncle.

Hor. It is indeed. He wanders in his sleep.

King. This juice of potent hebenon, in this phial,  
Within the porches of my brother's ears,  
Whilst now he sleeps, I, unperceiv'd will pour.  
Its affect holds such an enmity with blood of man,  
That, swift as quicksilver, it courses through  
The natural gates and alleys of the body,  
And with a sudden vigour, it doth infect  
And cures, like eager droppings into milk,  
The thin and wholesome blood.

But a few drops, and then his crown is mine.  
(He goes into the arbour.)

Ham. O, all you host of heaven! O earth! What else?  
And shall I couple left? — O fie! — Hold, hold, my heart;  
And, you, my sinews, grow not instant old,  
But bear me stiffly up. I'll kill him now,  
Now, in the imagin'd act.

Hor. My lord, forbear. The appearance is most dark.  
But, yet, in sleep, a mind diseas'd may err.  
Nay, waking, persons have confess'd to crimes  
They could not have committed. But, again  
He comes.

Re-enter the King.

King. 'Tis done. His ear receiv'd the hebenon, and  
At most instant tetter back'd about,  
Mostlager-like, with vile and loathsome crust  
All his smooth body.

HAMLET, Prince of Denmark. 23

Ham. Why, what should be the fear?  
I ~~do~~ <sup>see</sup> not my Life at a pin's fee;  
And, for my Soul, what can it do to that?  
Being a thing immortal as it self,  
It waves me forth again, I'll follow it.

Hor. What if it tempt, you to the Flood, my Lord,  
Or to the dreadful ~~bottom~~ <sup>ward</sup> of the Cliff,  
' That Beetles o'er his Base into the Sea,  
And there assume some other horrible Form,  
' Which might deprive your Sovereignty of Reason,  
And draw you into Madnes? ' Think of it;  
' The very Place puts Toys of Desperation,  
' Without more motive, into every Brain,  
' That looks so many Fathoms to the Sea,  
' And hears it roar beneath.

Ham. It waves me still,  
Go on, I'll follow thee.

Mar. You shall not go, my Lord.

Ham. Hold off your Hands.

Hor. Be rul'd, you shall not go.

Ham. My Fate cries out, <sup>spirits rous'd,</sup>  
And makes each petty Artery in this Body  
As hardy as the Nemean Lion's Nerve, —  
Still I am call'd; Unhand me, Gentlemen.  
By Heav'n I'll make a Ghost of him that letts me:  
I say, away: Go on, I'll follow thee. <sup>figure</sup>

~~Hor.~~ <sup>waves</sup> He ~~goes~~ <sup>[Exeunt Ghost and Ham. v. Hor.]</sup> desperate with Imagination.

Mar. Let's follow; 'tis not fit thus to obey him.

~~Hor.~~ <sup>make after</sup> To what issue will this come?

Mar. Something is rotten in the State of Denmark.

~~Hor.~~ <sup>direct</sup> Heaven will ~~discover~~ <sup>discover</sup> it.

Mar. Nay, let's follow him.

[Exeunt.]

~~Enter Ghost and Hamlet.~~

[further]

~~Ham. Whither wilt thou lead me? Speaks, I'll go no~~

~~Ghost. Mark me.~~

~~Ham. I will.~~

~~Ghost. My hour is almost come,  
When I to sulph'rous and tormenting Flames  
Must render up my self.~~

Ham.

at horrible!

ver just,  
justice trench.

Hamlet and Horatio,  
is robe and goes off.  
with wings as swift  
of love.

weigh the effect.  
in of the king.  
onfession too,  
impeach him straight  
ardian laws  
or this foul deed.

in his orchard,  
the whole ear of Denmark  
death,  
noble lord,  
y father's life

t! my Uncle!  
mmed villain!  
count.)

Scene V. The Garden

The Figure enters follows  
Figure moves towards the  
robe from his face, and takes  
Ham. It is the king mine

Hor. It is indeed. He was  
King. This juice of potent  
within the porches of my  
Whilst now he sleeps, I, un-  
Its effect holds such an  
That, swift as quicksilver,  
The natural gates and a  
And, with a sudden vigor  
And word, like eager droo,  
The thin and wholesome  
But a few drops, and then  
(He goes in)

Ham. O, all you host of lead  
And shall I couple both?  
And, you, my sinews, grow  
But bear me stiffly up. I  
Now, in the imagin'd ac-

Hor. My lord, forbear. I  
But, yet, in sleep, a min-  
Nay, waking, persons he  
They could not have come  
He comes.

Re-enter the King.

King. 'Tis done. His ear receiv'd the hebenon, and  
It most instant tetter back'd about,  
Mostlager-like, with vile and loathsome crust  
All his smooth body.

Nam. Alas, poor Ghost.

Ghost. Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing  
To what I shall unfold.

Ham. Speak; I am bound to hear.

Ghost. So art thou to revenge what thou shalt hear.

Ham. What?

Ghost. I am thy Father's Spirit,  
Doom'd for a certain Term to walk the Night,  
And for the Day confin'd to fast in Fires,  
Till the foul Crimes done in my Days of Nature  
Are burnt and purg'd away: But that I am forbid  
To tell the Secrets of my Prison house,  
I could a Tale unfold, whose lightest Word  
Would harrow up thy Soul, freeze thy young Blood,  
Make thy two Eyes like Stars start from their Spheres,  
Thy knotted and combined Locks to part,  
And each particular Hair to stand on end  
Like Quills upon the fretful Porcupine;  
But this eternal Blazon must not be  
To Ears of Flesh and Blood: list, list, O list,  
If thou didst ever thy dear Father love.

Ham. Oh Heaven!

Ghost. Revenge his foul and most unnatural Murder.

Ham. Murder!

Ghost. Murder most foul, as in the best it is;  
But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.

Ham. Haste me to know't, that I with wings as swift  
As Meditation, or the Thoughts of Love,  
May fly to my Revenge.

Ghost. I find thee apt,

'And duller shouldst thou be than the fat Weed  
'That roots it self in ease on Leche's Wharf,  
'Wouldst thou not stir in this?' Now Hamlet hear,  
'Tis given out that sleeping in my Garden  
A Serpent stung me: so the whole Ear of Denmark  
Is by a forged Process of my Death  
Rankly abus'd. But know, thou noble Youth,  
The Serpent that did sting thy Father's Heart,  
Now wears his Crown.

Ham. O my prophetick Soul, my Uncle!

Ghost.



Ham. O horrible! O horrible! most horrible!

Die, villain, in thy guilt.

Hor. My lord, forbear.

The sword of vengeance, howsoever just,  
Must not upon the sword of justice trench.

The King, looking towards Hamlet and Horatio,  
starts, muffles his head in his robe and goes off.

Ham. Horatio, give me way. With wings as swift  
As meditation, or the thoughts of love.

I'll sweep to my revenge.

Hor. Consider well, my lord, and weigh the effect.

You, then, will stand the assassin of the king.

But let this sight, and this confession too,  
Have their due course, and, so, impeach him straight  
Before the nation. Let the guardian laws

Condemn him to the death for this foul deed.

'Twas given out, that, sleeping in his orchard,

A serpent stung him: so the whole ear of Denmark

Is, by a forged process of his death,

Randy abus'd: but, ah! my noble lord,

The serpent that did sting thy father's life

Now wears his crown.

Ham. Yes. My prophetic soul! my Uncle!

O villain, villain, smiling, damned villain!

But let us follow him. (Exeunt.)



HAMLET, Prince of Denmark. 25

*Ghost.* Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate Beast,  
With Witchcraft of his Wit, with trait'rous Gifts,  
O wicked Wit, and Gifts that have the Power  
So to seduce' won to his shameful Lust  
The Will of my most seeming virtuous Queen.  
O *Hamlet*, what a falling off was there  
From me, whose Love was of that Dignity,  
That it went hand in hand even with the Vow  
I made to her in Marriage? and to decline  
Upon a Wretch, whose natural Gifts were poor  
To those of mine: but Virtue, as it never will be mov'd;  
Tho' Leüdné's court it in a shape of Heav'n's;  
So Lust, tho' to a radiant Angel link'd,  
Will seize it self in a celestial Bed,  
And prey on Carbage.

But soft, methinks, I scent the Morning Air,  
Brief let me be: sleeping within my Garden,  
My Custom always of the Afternoon,  
Upon my secure Hour thy Uncle stole  
With Juice of curd'd Hebona in a Vial,  
And in the Porches of my Ears did pour  
The leprous Distilment, whose Effects  
Hold such an Enmity with Blood of Man,  
That swift as Quicksilver, it courses thro'  
The natural Gates and Alleys of the Body,  
And with a sudden Vigour it does posses  
And curd, like eager Droppings into Milk,  
The thin and wholsom Blood; so did it mine,  
And a' moit infant Tetter bark'd about,  
Most Lazar like, with vile and lothsom Crust  
All my smooth Body.

Thus was I, sleeping, by a Brother's Hand,  
Of Life, of Crown, of Queen at once bereft,  
Cut off even in the Blossoms of my Sin.

Unhouzzled, unanointed, unanand,  
No reckoning made, but sent to my account  
With all my Imperfections on my Head:

O horrible, O horrible, most horrible!

If thou hast Nature in thee, bear it not,  
Let not the Royal Bed of Denmark be

B

room.

stage, Hamlet and

western tower:

his sleeping room.

his conscience goods.

flesh and blood,

apparitions.

A

26 HAMLET, Prince of Denmark.

A Couch for Luxury and damned Incest.  
 But howsoever thou pursu'st this Act,  
 Taint not thy Mind, nor let thy Soul design  
 Against thy Mother ought, leave her to Heaven,  
 And to those Thorns that in her Bosom lodge,  
 To goad and sting her. Fare thee well at once,  
 The Glowworm shews the Morning to be near,  
 And 'gins to pale his uneffectual Fire:  
 Farewel, remember me.

[Exit.

Ham. 'O all you Host of Heaven! O Earth! what else?  
 'And shall I couple Heil? O fy!' hold, hold my Heart,  
 And you my Sinews grow not Infant old,  
 But bear me strongly up. Remember thee!  
 Ay, thou poor Ghost, while Memory holds a Seat  
 In this distracted Globe; remember thee!  
 Yes, from the Table of my Memory,  
 I'll wipe away all' trivial fond Records,  
 All Registers of Books, all Forms and Presures past,  
 That Youth and Observation copied there,  
 And thy Commandment all alone shall live  
 Within the Book and Volume of my Brain,  
 'Unmix'd with baser matter; yes by Heaven,  
 O most pernicious Woman!  
 O Villain, Villain, smiling damned Villain;  
 My Tables; meet it is I should set down,  
 That one may smile, and smile, and be a Villain;  
 At least I'm sure it may be so in Denmark. [Writing.  
 So Uncle there you are: Now to my Word,  
 It is, farewel, remember me;  
 I have sworn't.

Mar. ~~Ham.~~ within. My Lord, my Lord.

Bot. ~~Ham.~~ within. Lord Hamlet, —

Mar. ~~Ham.~~ within. Heaven secure him!  
 Ham. So be it.

Mar. ~~Ham.~~ within. Illo, ho, ho, my Lord.

Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy, come <sup>boy</sup>, come.

Enter ~~Hamlet~~ and Marcellus, and

Mar. How is't, my noble Lord?

Barnebo

Bot. ~~Ham.~~ What News my Lord?

Ham. O wonderful!

Mar. ~~Ham.~~ Good my Lord, tell it.

Ham.

Scene VI. The Platform.

The King enters and crosses the stage, Hamlet and  
Horatio following.

Ham. He is gone

In at the door of the north-western tower:

The staircase there leads to his sleeping room.

Hor. No doubt he's in his sleep. His conscience goads.  
Our ghost, however, turns out flesh and blood,  
And such, I apprehend, all apparitions.

~ The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,  
And 'gins to pale his ineffectual fire.

HAMLET, Prince of Denmark. 27

Ham. No, you'll reveal it.

~~Mar. Ham.~~ Not I, my Lord.

Mar. Nor I, my Lord.

[think it? —

Ham. How say you, then, would Heart of Man once  
But you'll be secret.

Both. As Death, my Lord.

Ham. There's ne'er a Villain

Dwelling in all Denmark, —

But he's an arrant Knave.

[Grave,

~~Mar. Ham.~~ There needs no Ghost, my Lord, come from the  
To tell us this.

Ham. Why, right; you are in the right;  
And, so, without more Circumstance at all  
I hold it fit that we shake Hands and part: ^  
You as your Business and Desire shall point you;  
For every Man hath Business and Desire,  
Such as it is; and, for my own poor part,  
I will go pray.

~~Mar. Ham.~~ These are but wild and <sup>windy</sup> Words, my Lord;

Ham. I am sorry they offend you, heartily;

Yes, <sup>in deed</sup> heartily.

~~Mar. Ham.~~ There's no offence, my Lord.

Ham. Yes, by ~~St. Patrick~~, but there is, ~~Horatio~~, <sup>Marsellus</sup>;  
And much offence too, <sup>Touching this Vision here,</sup>

It is an honest Ghost, that let me tell you —  
<sup>right fled and blood —</sup>

For your Desire to know what is between us,  
O'er-master't as you may: And, now good Friends,  
As you are Friends, Scholars, and Soldiers,  
Grant me one poor Request.

~~Mar. Ham.~~ What is't, my Lord? we will.

Ham. Never make known what you have seen to-night.

Both. My Lord, we will not.

Ham. Nay but swear't.

~~Mar. Ham.~~ In <sup>truth</sup> faith, my Lord, not I.

~~Ber. Mar.~~ Nor I, my Lord, in <sup>truth</sup> faith, truth.

~~Ham.~~ Upon my Sword.

~~Mar.~~ We have sworn, my Lord, already.

~~Ham.~~ Indeed upon my Sword, indeed.

[Ghost cries under the Stage.

~~Ghost.~~ Swear.

28 HAMLET, Prince of Denmark.

~~Ham. Ha, ha, Boy, say'st thou so? art thou there, old  
'True-penny?  
Come on, you hear this Fellow in the Celleridge,  
Consent to swear.~~

~~Hor. Propose the Oath, my Lord.~~

~~Ham. Never to speak of this that you have seen,  
Swear by my Sword.~~

~~Ghost, below. Swear.~~

~~Ham. Then we'll shift our ground;  
Come hither, hither, Gentlemen,  
And lay your Hands again upon my Sword:  
Swear by my Sword,  
Never to speak of this that you have heard.~~

~~Ghost, below. Swear. [is fast?~~

~~Ham. Well said, old Mole, canst thou work i'th Earth  
A worthy Pioneer! once more remove, good Friends.~~

~~Hor. O day and night! but this is wondrous strange.~~

~~Ham. And therefore as a Stranger give it welcome:  
There are more things in Heaven and Earth, *Horatio*,  
Than are dreamt of in your Philosophy. But come,  
~~Here, as before, never, to help you Merc,~~~~

~~(How strange, or odd so'er, I bear my self,  
As I perchance, hereafter shall think meet,  
To put an antick Disposition on, —~~

~~That you, at such times seeing me, never shall  
With Arms encumbred thus, or, Head thus shak'd,  
Or, by pronouncing of some doubtful Phrase,~~

*Or, if we* ~~As well, well, we know, or, we could, and if we would,  
Or there be, as if they might,~~

~~Or such ambiguous giving out, to note) *Promise.*~~

~~That you know ought of me, this you must swear,  
So Grace and Mercy at your most need help you.~~

~~Ghost. Swear.~~

~~Ham. Rest, rest, perturbed Spirit. So, Gentlemen,  
With all my Love I do commend me to you;  
And what so poor a Man as Hamlet is,~~

*Heaven willing* ~~May do, to express his Love and Friendship to you,  
Shall not ~~be~~ *lack*~~

~~And, till your Fingers on your Lips, I pray,~~

The glow-worm shows  
And 'gins to pale his



promise me faithfully,

Both. My lord, we do.



The time is out of joint; O <sup>woful</sup> ~~curst~~ Spite,  
~~To be my foe to have~~  
~~that ever I was born~~ to set it right!

‘ ~~Nay come, let’s go together.~~

[Exeunt.]



ACT II. ~~SCENE I.~~

SCENE I. *An Apartment in Polonius’s House.*

Enter Polonius, <sup>and</sup> ~~with his Man~~ Reynaldo.

Pol. GIVE him this Money, and these ~~two~~ Notes,  
 ‘ Rey. I will, my Lord. [Reynaldo.]

‘ Pal. You shall do marvellous wisely, good Reynaldo,  
 ‘ Before you visit him, to make Inquiry  
 ‘ Of his Behaviour.

‘ Rey. My Lord, I did intend it.

‘ Pol. ~~Marry~~ well said, very well said; look you, Sir,  
 ‘ Inquire me first what *Danskiers* are in *Paris*;  
 ‘ And how, and who, what means, and where they keep,  
 ‘ What Company, at what Expence: and finding  
 ‘ By this encompassment and drift of Question,  
 ‘ That they do know my Son, come you more near,  
 ‘ Then your particular Demands will touch it,  
 ‘ Take you as ’twere some distant knowledge of him,  
 ‘ As thus, I know his Father, and his Friends.  
 ‘ And in part him: Do you mark this, Reynaldo?

‘ Rey. Ay, very well, my Lord.

‘ Pol. And in part him, but, you may say, not well;  
 ‘ But, if it be he I mean, he’s very wild,  
 ‘ Addicted so and so, and there put on him  
 ‘ What Forgeries you please; <sup>but</sup> ~~many~~ none so rank  
 ‘ As may dishonour him, take heed of that:  
 ‘ But, Sir, such wanton, wild and usual Slips  
 ‘ As are Companions noted, and most known  
 ‘ To Youth and Liberty.

‘ Rey. As Gaming, my Lord,

‘ Pol. Ay, or drinking, fencing, swearing,  
 ‘ Quarreling, ~~drabbing~~; you may go so far.

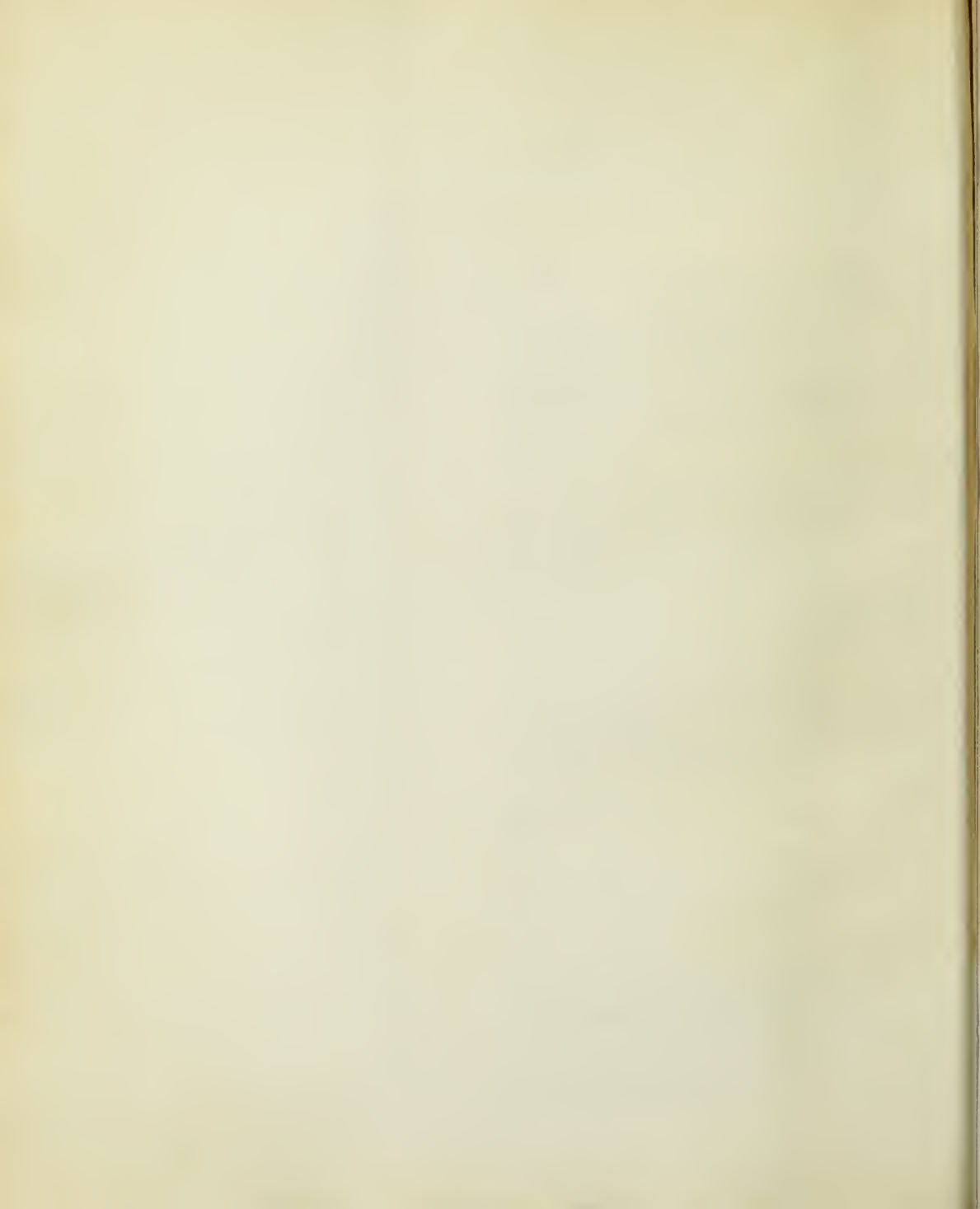
‘ Rey. My Lord, that will dishonour him.

30 HAMLET, Prince of Denmark.

- ' Pol. <sup>No</sup> Faith no, as you may season it in the Charge:  
 ' You must not put another Scandal on him,  
 ' That he is open to Incontinency,  
 ' That's not my meaning, but breathe his Faults so quaintly,  
 ' That they may seem the Taints of Liberty,  
 ' The Flash and Out-break of a fiery Mind,  
 ' A Savageness in unreclaimed Blood  
 ' Of general Assault.  
 ' Rey. But, my good Lord——  
 ' Pol. Wherefore should you do this?  
 ' Rey. Ay, my Lord, I would know that.  
 ' Pol. ~~Marry~~ <sup>Marry</sup> Sir, here's my Drift,  
 ' And I believe, it is a Fetch of Warrant:  
 ' You laying these slight Sullies on my Son,  
 ' As 'twere a thing a little foil'd i'th' working.  
 ' Mark you, your Party in converse, he you would found,  
 ' Having ever seen in the prenominate Crimes  
 ' The Youth you breathe of, guilty, be assur'd  
 ' He closes with you in this Consequence;  
 ' Good Sir (or so) or Friend, or Gentleman,  
 ' According to the Phrase, or the Addition  
 ' Of Man and Country.  
 ' Rey. Very good, my Lord.  
 ' Pol. And then, Sir, does he this? he does; what was  
 ' I about to say?  
 ' ~~By the Mass~~ I was about to say something,  
 ' Where did I leave?  
 ' Rey. At closes in the Consequence.  
 ' Pol. ~~At closes in the Consequence~~: Ay marry,  
 ' He closes thus; I know the Gentleman,  
 ' I saw him yesterday, or the other day,  
 ' Or then, or then; with such, or such, and, as you say,  
 ' There was he gaming, there o'ertook in's Rouse,  
 ' There falling out at Tennis, or perchance <sup>to foote</sup>.  
 ' ~~I saw him enter such a House of Sale,~~  
 ' ~~Kidnelt, a Brothel, or so forth.~~ See you now,  
 ' Your Bait of Falshood takes this Carp of Truth,  
 ' And thus do we of Wisdome and of Reach,  
 ' With Windlaces, and with Essays of Bias,  
 ' By Indirections find Directions out:

' So





HAMLET, Prince of Denmark. 31

' So, by my former Lecture and Advice,  
 ' Shall you my Son: you have me, have you not?  
 ' Rey. My Lord, I have.  
 ' Pol. Good by t'ye, fare ye well.  
 ' Rey. Good, my Lord, —  
 ' Pol. Observe his Inclination in your self.  
 ' Rey. I shall, my Lord.  
 ' Pol. And let him ply his Musick.  
 ' Rey. Well, my Lord. [Exit Rey.

Enter Ophelia.

Pol. ' Farewel.' How now Ophelia, what's the matter?

Oph. O, my Lord, my Lord! I have been so affrighted-

Pol. With what?

Oph. My Lord, as I was reading in my Closet,  
 Prince Hamlet, ' with his Doublet, ' all unbrac'd,  
 ' No Hat upon his Head, his Stockings loose,  
 ' Ungarter'd, and down-gyved to his Ankle;  
 Pale as his Shirt, his Knees knocking each other,  
 And with a Look so piteous,  
 As if he had been sent from Hell

To speak of Horrors, thus he comes before me.

Pol. Mad for thy Love!

Oph. My Lord, I do not know;

But, truly, I do fear it.

Pol. What said he?

Oph. He took me by the Wrist, and held me hard;

Then goes he to the length of all his Arm,  
 And with his other Hand, thus, o'er his Brow,  
 He falls to such perusal of my Face,  
 As he would draw it: long staid he so;  
 At last, a little shaking of my Arm,  
 And thrice his Head thus waving up and down,  
 He rais'd a Sigh so piteous and profound,  
 As it did seem to shatter all his Bulk,  
 And end his Being. That done, he lets me go,  
 And with his Head over his Shoulder turn'd,  
 He seem'd to find his way without his Eyes;  
 For out of doors he went without their helps,  
 And to the last, bended their Light on me.

Pol. Come, go with me. I will go seek the King:

B 4

This

it hangs about you.  
this your sadness?

fearful dream.

in the garden,

brother died,

sword in hand,

id not float's

in from the dead.

have you left our bed,

you had made  
brother wore,

nor return'd

and Gertrude: No.

my sleep.

and I will awake you,  
you have done.

and misgives me

Gift young Hamlet,  
mine honour.

my fears. (Aside.)

Waldenston.

Pros. Health to my Lord the King.

Quil. And to our gracious Queen.

32 HAMLET, Prince of Denmark.

This is the very Ecstasy of Love.

- Whose violent Property foredoes it self,
- And leads the Will to desperate Undertakings,
- As oft as any Passion under Heaven
- That does afflict our Natures. I am sorry —
- What ! ' have you given him any hard words of late ?

*Opb.* No, my good Lord; but, as you did command,  
I did repel his Letters, and deny'd  
His Access to me,

*Pol.* That hath made him mad :

- I am sorry, that, with better Heed and Judgment,
  - I had not quoted him; I fear'd he did but trifle,
  - And meant to wreck thee : but, beshrew my Jealousy!
  - It seems it is as proper to our Age
  - To cast beyond our selves in our Opinions,
  - As it is common for the younger sort
  - To lack Discretion. ' Come, go with me to the King :
- This must be known; which, being kept close, might move  
More grief to hide, than hate to utter Love.  
Come.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. The Palace.

*The King and Queen, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*

*More over* <sup>^</sup> *King.* Welcome good <sup>dear</sup> Rosencrantz and Guildenstern!  
Besides that we did long to see you,

The need we have to use you, did provoke  
Our hasty sending. Something you have heard  
Of Hamlet's Transformation, ' so I call it,  
• <sup>See</sup> Not the exterior, nor the inward Man  
• Rembles that it was; ' what it should be,  
More than his Father's Death, ' that thus hath put him  
• So much from the understanding of himself,  
I cannot dream of. I intreat you both,  
• That being of so young days brought up with him;  
• And sith so neighbour'd to his Youth and Humour, —  
That you vouchsafe your Rest here in our Court  
Some little time; so, by your Companies,  
To draw him on to Pleasures; and to ' gather  
• So much as, from Occasion, you may ' glean,

Whether



Queen. My lord, a gloom unusual hangs about you.  
Give me to know the cause of this your sadness?

King. O Gertrude, I have had a fearful dream.  
Methought that I was walking in the garden,  
Near to the arbour where my brother died,  
When Hamlet came upon me sword in hand,  
And would have slain me, had not Horatio  
Interpos'd himself, and held him from the deed.

Queen. My lord, these four nights have you left our bed,  
And, putting on the robe which you had made  
Like to the robe the king your brother wore,  
You straightway left the chamber, nor returned  
Of near an hour.

King. I'm not aware of it, good Gertrude: No.  
I surely have not wander'd in my sleep.

Queen. Perhaps you have, sir; and I will awake you,  
Should you again get up as you have done.

King. Gertrude do. — My mind misgives me  
Something has gone wrong. I'll sift young Hamlet,  
To see if he suspects at all mine honour.  
His conduct justly does alarm my fears. (Aside)

Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

Ros. Health to my lord the king.

Guit. And to our gracious Queen.



Whether ought, to us unknown, afflicts him thus,  
That <sup>opens</sup> lies within our Remedy.

*Queen.* Good Gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of you :  
And, sure I am, two Men there are not living  
To whom he more adheres : if it will please you  
To shew us so much Gentleness and Good-will,  
As to <sup>employ</sup> ~~employ~~ your Time with us awhile,  
For the Supply and Profit of our Hope,  
Your Visitation shall receive such Thanks  
As fits a King's Remembrance.

*Ros.* Both your Majesties  
Might, by the Sovereign Power you have ~~over~~ us,  
Put your dread Pleasures more into command  
Than to intreaty.

*Guil.* But we both obey,  
And here give up our selves in the full bent  
To lay our <sup>service</sup> selves freely at your feet,

*King.* Thanks, *Rosencrantz*, and gentle *Guildestern*.

*Queen.* ' Thanks *Guildestern* and gentle *Rosencrantz*.  
And I beseech you instantly to visit  
My too-much-changed Son : Go, some of you,  
And bring these Gentlemen where *Hamlet* is.

*Guil.* Heaven make our Presence and our Practices  
Pleasant and helpful to him!

*Queen.* Amen!

[*Exeunt Ros. & Guil and  
some attendants.*]

*Enter Polonius.*

' *Pol.* The Ambassadors from *Norway*, my good Lord,  
Are joyfully return'd.

' *King.* Thou still hast been the Father of good News.

' *Pol.* Have I, my Lord, & assure <sup>you</sup> my good Liege,  
' I hold my <sup>Duty</sup> as I hold my <sup>Son's</sup> life;  
' Both to ~~my God, and to~~ <sup>the service of</sup> my gracious King :  
' And' I do think, (or else this Brain of mine

Hunts not the Trail of Policy so sure  
As it has used to do,) that I have found  
The very Cause of *Hamlet's* Lunacy.

*King.* O speak of that; that I do long to hear.

' *Pol.* Give first admittance to the Ambassadors:  
' My News shall be the Fruit to that great Feast.

34 H A M L E T, *Prince of Denmark.*

‘ *King.* Thy self do grace to them, and bring them in.  
[*Ex. Pol.*]

‘ He tells me, my dear *Gertrude*, he hath found  
‘ The Head and Source of all your Son’s Distemper.

‘ *Queen.* I doubt it is no other but the main;

‘ His Father’s Death, and our o’er-hasty Marriage.

‘ *Enter Polonius and Ambassadors.* [*Friends:*

‘ *King.* Well, we shall sift him: Welcome, my good

‘ Say, *Voltimand*, what from our Brother *Norway*?

‘ *Vol.* Most fair Return of Greetings and Desires:

‘ Upon our first he sent out to suppress

‘ His Nephew’s Levies, which to him appear’d

‘ To be a Preparation ’gainst the *Pollack*;

‘ But, better look’d into, he truly found

‘ It was against your Highness: whereat griev’d —

‘ That, so, his Sickness, Age, and Impotence

‘ Was falsely borne in Hand, sends out Arrests

‘ On *Fortinbras*; which he, in brief, obeys;

‘ Receives Rebuke from *Norway*; and, in fine,

‘ Makes Vow before his Uncle, never more

‘ To give the Assay of Arms against your Majesty:—

‘ Whereon old *Norway*, overcome with Joy,

‘ Gives him three ~~score~~ thousand Crowns in annual Fee,

‘ And his Commission to employ those Soldiers,

‘ So levied as before, against the *Pollack*,

‘ With an Intreaty, herein further shown, (*Gives a paper*)

‘ That it might please you to give quiet pass

‘ Thro’ your Dominions for this Enterprize;

‘ On such Regards of Safety and Allowance,

‘ As therein are set down.

‘ *King.* It likes us well:

‘ And, at our more consider’d time, we’ll read,

‘ Answer, and think upon this Business:—

‘ Mean time, we thank you for your well-took Labour,

‘ Go to your rest; at Night we’ll feast together:

‘ Most welcome home!

[*Ex. Ambass.*]

‘ *Pol.* This Business is well ended.

My Liege and Madam, to expostulate

What Majesty should be, what Duty is,

Why Day is Day, Night, Night, and Time is Time:—

Were





Were nothing but to waste Night, Day and Time:  
Therefore, since Brevity is the Soul of Wit,  
And Tedioufness the Limbs and outward Flourishes, —  
I will be brief; your noble Son is mad;  
Mad call I it; for, to define true Madness,  
What is't but to be nothing else but mad?  
But let that go.

*Queen.* More Matter with less Art.

*Pol.* Madam, I <sup>think</sup> ~~swear~~ I use no Art at all.  
That he's mad, 'tis true: 'tis true, 'tis pity;  
And pity 'tis, 'tis true: a foolish Figure;  
But farewell it, for I will use no Art.  
Mad let us grant him, then; and now remains  
That we find out the Cause of this Effect;  
Or, rather, say, the Cause of this Defect;  
For this Effect, defective, comes by Cause:  
Thus it remains, and the Remainder thus. *Perpend.*  
I have a Daughter; <sup>have</sup> ~~and~~ while she is mine; *Consider,*  
Who, in her Duty and Obedience, mark,  
Hath given me this: Now gather and surmise. [*Reads.*

*To the ~~Celestial~~ and my ~~soul's~~ <sup>heart's</sup> ~~joy~~, the most beautified*  
*Ophelia*. That's an ill Phrase, a vile Phrase; beautified  
is a vile Phrase: but you shall hear ——— *thus*: In her  
*excellent white Bosom, These, &c.*

*Queen.* Came this from Hamlet to her?

*Pol.* Good Madam, stay a while; I will be faithful. —

*Doubt, thou, the Stars are Fire;*

*Doubt, that the Sun doth move:*

*Doubt Truth to be a Lyar;*

*But never doubt I love.*

*O dear Ophelia, I am ill at these Numbers; I have  
not Art to reckon my Groans; but that I love thee best,  
O most best, believe it: Adieu, Thine evermore, most dear  
Lady, whilst this Machine is to him, Hamlet.*

This, in Obedience, hath my Daughter shewn me:

And more <sup>above, hath</sup> ~~concerning~~ his Solicitings,

As they fell out by Time, by Means, and Place,

All given to mine Ear.

*King.* But how hath she receiv'd his Love?

*Pol.* What do you think of me?

*King:*

36 HAMLET, Prince of Denmark.

*King.* As of a Man faithful and honourable.

*Pol.* I would fain prove so. But what might you think,  
 ' When I had seen this hot Love on the wing?  
 ' As I perceiv'd it (I must tell you that)  
 ' Before my Daughter told me; what might you,  
 Or my dear Majesty, your Queen here, think,  
 If I had ' ply'd the Desk, or Table-book,  
 ' Or given my Heart a working, mute and dumb;  
 ' Or look'd upon this Love with idle sight;  
 ' What might you think? ' No, I went round to work,  
 And my young Mistress thus I ~~charg'd~~ <sup>did</sup> bespeak;  
Lord Hamlet is a Prince above thy Sphere,  
 This must not be; and, then, I Precepts gave her,  
 That she should lock her self from his Resort,  
 Admit no Messengers, receive no Tokens.  
 Which done, she took the Fruits of my Advice;  
 And he, repul'd, (a short Tale to make,)  
 Fell into a Sadness, then into a Fast;  
 ' Thence to a Watching, then into a Weakness;  
 Thence to a Lightness; and, by this Declension,  
 Into the Madness wherein he now raves,  
 And all we mourn for.

*King.* Do you think 'tis this?

*Queen.* It may be very likely.

*Pol.* Hath there been such a time (I ~~would~~ <sup>could</sup> fain know [that]  
 ' That I have positively said 'Tis so,  
 When it prov'd otherwise?

*King.* Not that I know.

*Pol.* Take this from this; if this be otherwise,  
 If Circumstances lead me, I will find  
 Where Truth is hid, tho' it were hid indeed  
 Within the Center.

*King.* How may we try it farther?

*Pol.* <sup>you know,</sup> Sometimes he walks four hours together  
 Here in the Lobby.

*Queen.* So he does, indeed.

*Pol.* At such a time I'll loose my Daughter to him.  
~~Be you and I~~  
 So please your Majesty to hide your self  
 Behind the Arras then:

Mark the Encounter; if he love her not,

And



(Pointing to his head and shoulder.)



HAMLET, Prince of Denmark. 37

And be not from his Reason fall'n thereon,  
Let me be no Assistant for a State,  
But keep a Farm and Carters.

King. We will try it.

*Enter Hamlet reading.*

Queen. But, look, where, sadly, the poor Wretch comes reading.

Pol. Away, I do beseech you, both, away.

*[Exit King and Queen.]*

I'll board him presently. 'O give me leave.

How does my good Lord Hamlet?

'Ham. Well, ~~God o' Mercy.~~

'Pol. Do you know me, my Lord?

Ham. Excellent well, you are a Fishmonger.

Pol. Not I, my Lord.

Ham. Then I would you were so honest a Man.

Pol. Honest, my Lord?

Ham. Ay, Sir, to be honest, as this World goes,  
Is to be one Man pick'd out of ten thousand.

Pol. That is very true, my Lord.

Ham. For, if the Sun breed Maggots in a dead Dog,  
being a good kissing Carrion — Have you a Daughter?

Pol. I have, my Lord.

Ham. Let her not walk i'th' Sun; ~~Conception is a  
Blessing, but not as your Daughter may conceive,~~ Friend  
look to't.

*[Aside]*

Pol. 'How say you by that?' Still harping on my  
Daughter; yet he knew ~~[Aside]~~ me not at first; but said  
I was a Fishmonger; he is far gone: and, truly, in my  
Youth I suffer'd much extremity for Love; very near this.  
I'll speak to him again: What do you read, my Lord?

Ham. Words, words, words!

Pol. What is the matter, my Lord?

Ham. Between who?

Pol. I mean the matter that you read, my Lord?

Ham. Slanders, Sir; for the Satyrical Rogue says here,  
that old Men have grey Beards; that their Faces are wrink-  
led; their Eyes purging thick Amber, and Plumbtree Gum;  
and that they have a plentiful lack of Wit; ~~together  
with most weak Hams;~~ all which, Sir, tho' I most powerfully  
and potently

38 HAMLET, Prince of Denmark.

po tently believe, yet I hold it not Honesty to have it thus set down; for ~~you~~ your self, Sir, shall <sup>be as</sup> grow old, as I am, if, like a Crab, you could go backward.

Pol. Tho' this be Madness, yet there is Method in't: Will you walk out of the Air, my Lord?

Ham. Into my Grave?

Pol. <sup>judged</sup> ~~indeed~~ <sup>some times</sup> that is out of the Air. ~~indeed~~ How pregnant his Replies are! a Happiness that often Madness hits on; 'which Reason and Sanity could not so happily be deliver'd of, I will leave him, and suddenly contrive the means of meeting between him and my Daughter.' My Lord, I will take my leave of you. <sup>honorable</sup> <sup>most humbly</sup>

Ham. You cannot take from me any thing that I will more willingly part withal, ~~except my Life.~~

Pol. Fare you well, my Lord.

Ham. These tedious old Fools!

*Enter Guildenstern and Rosencrantz.*

Pol. You go seek the Lord Hamlet, there he is. [*Exit.*]

Ros. Save you, Sir.

Guil. My honoured Lord.

Ros. My most dear Lord.

Ham. My excellent good Friends! how dost thou Guildenstern? Ah Rosencrantz, good Lads! how do you both?

Ros. As the indifferent Children of the Earth.

Guil. Happy in that we are not over happy; ~~our Fortune's Cap we are not the very Button.~~

Ham. Nor the Soles of her Shoe.

Guil. Neither, my Lord.

Ham. Then you live about her waste, or in the middle of her Favour.

Guil. Faith, in her Privates we.

Ham. In the secret parts of Fortune; Oh most true!

Ham. ~~she is a Strumpet.~~ Well, what News?

Ros. None, my Lord, but that the World's grown honest.

Ham. Then is Doomsday near; ~~but~~ <sup>but</sup> your News is not true. 'Let me question more in particular: What

have you, my good Friends, deserv'd ~~at the hands of Fortune,~~ <sup>that are sent</sup> ~~that she send~~ you to Prison hither?

Guil. Prison, my Lord?

Ham. Denmark's a Prison.

Ros. Then is the World one.

Ham.





HAMLET, Prince of Denmark. 39

' *Ham.* A goodly one, in which there are many Con-  
' fines, Wards and Dungeons; *Denmark* being one of <sup>the</sup>  
' worst.

' *Rof.* We think not so, my Lord.

' *Ham.* Why, then, 'tis none to you; for there is no-  
' thing, either good, or bad, but thinking makes it so:  
' To me it is a Prison.

' *Rof.* Why, then, your Ambition makes it one: 'Tis  
' too narrow for your Mind.

' *Ham.* O ~~God~~! I could be bound <sup>ed</sup> in a Nut-shell,  
' and count my self a King of infinite space, were it not  
' that I have bad Dreams.

' *Guil.* Which Dreams, indeed, are Ambition; for the  
' very Substance of the Ambitious is meerly the Shadow  
' of a Dream.

*Ham.* A Dream it self is but a Shadow.

' *Rof.* Truly, and I hold Ambition of so airy and light  
' a Quality, that it is but a Shadow's Shadow.

' *Ham.* Then are our Beggars' Bodies, and our Mo-  
' narchs' and out-stretch'd Heroes, the Beggars' Shadows.  
' Shall we to the Court? for, <sup>in truth</sup> by my fey I cannot reason.

' *Böth.* We'll wait upon you.

*Ham.* ' No such matter. I will not fort you with the  
' rest of my Servants; for, to speak to you like an honest  
' Man, I am most dreadfully attended.' But, in the beaten  
' way of Friendship, what makes you at *Elfsnoor*?

*Rof.* To visit you, my Lord; no other Occasion.

*Ham.* Beggar that I am, I am even poor in Thanks!  
but I thank you; ' and sure, dear Friends, my Thanks  
' are too dear <sup>at</sup> of a half-penny. Were you not sent for? Is  
it your own inclining? Is it a free Visitation? Come,  
come, deal justly with me; <sup>come, come,</sup> nay, speak.

*Guil.* What should we say, my Lord?

*Ham.* Any thing, but to the purpose. You were sent  
for; <sup>and</sup> there is a kind of Confession in your Looks, which  
your Modesties have not craft enough to colour; I know  
the good King and Queen have sent for you.

*Rof.* To what end, my Lord?

*Ham.* Nay, that you must teach me: But let me con-  
jure you, by the Rights of our Fellowship, by the Con-  
sonancy

40 HAMLET, Prince of Denmark.

sonancy of our Youth, by the Obligation of our <sup>ever-present</sup> Love, and by what more dear, a better Proposer could charge you withal, be even and direct with me, whether you were sent for, or no?

Ros. What say you? [*To Guildenstern*] [*Side*]

Ham. Nay, then I have an eye of you; if you love me, hold not off.

Guil. My Lord, we were sent for.

Ham. I will tell you why; so shall my Anticipation prevent your Discovery, and your Secrecy to the King and Queen moult no Feather: I have of late, (but, wherefore, I know not,) lost all my Mirth, forgone all Custom of Exercises: 'and indeed, it goes so heavily with my Disposition,' that this goodly Frame, the Earth, seems to me a sterile Promontory: This most excellent Canopy, the Air, <sup>look you,</sup> 'this brave o'er-hang'd Firmament,' this <sup>superior</sup> majestic Roof fretted with golden Fire, why it appears nothing to me but a foul and pestilent Congregation of Vapours. What a piece of Work is Man! how noble in Reason! how <sup>21</sup> infinite in Faculties! how in Form and Moving how express and admirable! ~~in Action how like an Angel! in Apprehension how like a God!~~ the Beauty of the World, the Paragon of Animals! And, yet, to me, what is this Quintessence of Dust? Man delights not me, nor Woman neither; tho, by your smiling you seem to say so.

Ros. My Lord, there was no such stuff in my Thoughts.

Ham. Why did you laugh; then, when I said Man delights not me?

Ros. To think, my Lord, if you delight not in Man, what Lenten Entertainment the Players shall receive from you: We <sup>costed</sup> ~~cost~~ them on the way, and hither are they coming to offer you Service.

Ham. He that plays the King shall be welcome; his Majesty shall have Tribute of me; the adventurous Knight shall use his Foil and Target; the Lover shall not fight *gratis*; the humorous Man shall end his part in peace, and the Lady shall speak her Mind freely, or the blank Verse shall halt for't. What Players are they?

Ros. Even those you were wont to take such delight in, the Tragedians of the City.

Ham.







HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.* 41

*Ham.* How chances it they travel? their Residence,  
beth in Reputation and Profit, was better both ways.

*Rof.* I think their Inhibition comes by the means of the  
late Innovation.

*Ham.* Do they hold the same Estimation they did when  
I was in the City? Are they so follow'd?

*Rof.* No, indeed, they are not.

*Ham.* How comes it? do they grow rusty?

*Rof.* Nay, their Endeavour keeps in the wonted paces;  
but there is, Sir, an Airy of Children, little *EY*ases, that  
cry out on the top of Question, and are most tyrannically  
clap'd for't: these are now the Fashion; and so  
be-rattle the common Stages (so they call them) that  
many, wearing Rapiers, are afraid of Goose Quills, and  
dare scarce come thither.

*Ham.* What, are they Children? Who maintains 'em?  
How are they esco'ted? will they pursue the Quality no  
longer than they can sing? Will they not say afterwards  
if they should grow themselves to common Players, (as  
it is most like, if their means are no better,) their Writers  
do them wrong to make them exclaim against  
their own Succession?

*Rof.* ~~Each~~ There has been much to do on both sides;  
and the Nation holds it no Sin to tarre them on to  
Controversy. There was, for a while, no Money bid for  
Argument, unless the Poet and the Player went to Cuffs  
in the Question.

*Ham.* Is't possible?

*Guil.* Oh there has been much throwing about of  
Brains!

*Ham.* Do the Boys carry it away?

*Rof.* Ay, that they do, my Lord, *Hercules* and his  
Load too.

*Ham.* It is not very strange; for my Uncle is King of  
*Denmark*; and those that would make Mouths at him,  
while my Father lived, now give twenty, forty, fifty, nay  
a hundred Ducats apiece for his Picture in little: there is  
something in this more than natural, if Philosophy could  
find it out.

*Guil.* There are the Players  $\lambda$

[Flourish of Trumpets  
withen.]

*Ham.*

*historical-pastoral, ~~and~~*

42 HAMLET, Prince of Denmark.

*Ham.* Gentlemen, you are welcome to *Elfsnoor*; your hands: come, then; th' Appurtenance of Welcome is Fashion and Ceremony: 'let me comply with you in this Garb, lest my Extent to the Players, which I tell you must shew fairly outward, should more appear like Entertainment than yours; you are welcome: 'but my Uncle-Father and Aunt-Mother are deceiv'd.

*Guil.* In what, my dear Lord?

*Ham.* I am but mad North-North-West; when the Wind is Southerly, I know a Hawk from a Hand-saw.

*Enter Polonius.*

*Pol.* Well be with you, Gentlemen.

*Ham.* Hark you, *Guildestern*, and *Rofcius*, that great Baby, ~~that~~ you see there, is not yet out of his swadling Clouts.

*Rof.* <sup>you too;</sup> ~~He~~ <sup>He</sup> is the second time come to them; for they say, an old Man is twice a Child.

*Ham.* I prophesy that he comes to tell me of the Players; mark it: you say right, Sir; ~~o~~ Monday morning; 'twas then, indeed.

*Pol.* My Lord, I have news to tell you.

*Ham.* My Lord, I have news to tell you; when *Rofcius* was an Actor in *Rome* ———

*Pol.* The Actors are come hither, my Lord.

*Ham.* Buz, buz.

*Pol.* Upon mine Honour.

*Ham.* Then came each Actor on his Ass ———

*Pol.* The best Actors in the World, either for Tragedy, Comedy, History, Pastoral, Pastoral-Comical, Historical-Pastoral; 'Scene individable, or Poem unlimited: ' *Seneca* cannot be too heavy, nor *Plautus* too light, For the Law of Wit and the Liberty, These are the only Men.

*Ham.* O *Jephtha*, Judge of *Israel*, what a Treasure hadst thou!

*Pol.* What a Treasure had he, my Lord?

*Ham.* Why one fair Daughter, and no more, <sup>the</sup> which he loved passing well.

*Pol.* Still on my Daughter.

*Ham.* Am I not i'th' right, old *Jephtha*?

[*Aside.*

*Pol.*

^ — at each ear a heaver:

tragic-historical, tragic-comical-historical-pastoral, ~~and~~  
~~individually, or even collectively,~~



Pol. If you call me *Jephtha*, my Lord, I have a Daughter that I love passing well.

Ham. Nay that follows not.

Pol. Nay, what follows, then, my Lord.

Ham. 'Why as by lot ~~God~~ wot, and then, you know, it came to pass as most like it was : ' The first Row of the ~~Book~~ <sup>Prison</sup> will shew you more, for, look, where my Abridg-  
ment comes. <sup>Chan:</sup>  
<sub>:son</sub>

Enter Players.

Ham. ' You are welcome, Masters, welcome all. I am glad to see thee well ; ' welcome, good Friends. Oh my old Friend ! why, thy Face is valanc'd since I saw thee last, com'ft thou to beard me in *Denmark* ? What ! my young Lady and Mistress ! ~~marry~~ your Ladyship is grown nearer to Heaven than when I saw you last by the Altitude of a Chopine ; ~~I wish your Voice, like a piece of uncurrent Gold, be not crack'd within the Ring.~~ Masters, you are all welcome, We'll e'en to't like Friends, Falconers, fly at any thing we see, We'll have a Speech straight ; come, give us a Taste of your Quality ; come, a passionate Speech.

Players. What Speech, my good Lord ?

Ham. I heard thee speak me a Speech once, but it was never acted ; or, if it was, not above once ; for the Play, I remember pleas'd not the Million, 'twas Caviare to the ~~Multitude~~ <sup>general.</sup> ; ' but it was, (as I receiv'd it, and others, whose Judgments, in such matters, cried in the top of mine,) an excellent Play ; well digested in the Scenes, set down with as much Modesty as Cunning. I remember one said, there were no ~~Sall~~ <sup>roads</sup> in the Lines to make the matter favoury ; nor no matter in the Phrase that might indite the Author of Affection, but call'd it an honest Method, as wholsom as sweet, and by very much more handsome than fine. ' One Speech in't I chiefly loved ; 'twas *Aeneas's* talk to *Dido* ; and thereabout of it especially, where he speaks of *Priam's* Slaughter ; if it live in your Memory, begin at this Line, let me see, let me see. — The rugged *Pyrrhus* like the *Hercanian* Beast : ~~Beast, not that's not it, yet it begins with Pyrrhus.~~  
The rugged *Pyrrhus*, he whose sable Arms,

44 HAMLET, Prince of Denmark.

Black as his Purpose did the Night resemble,  
 ' When he lay couched in th<sup>e</sup> ominous Horse,  
 ' Hath now his ~~heart~~<sup>great</sup> and black Complexion smear'd  
 ' With Heraldry more dismal; head to foot  
 ' Now he is total Gules; horribly trick'd  
 ' With Blood of Fathers, Mothers, Daughters, Sons,  
 ' Bak'd and impasted ~~to~~<sup>with</sup> the parching ~~fire~~<sup>fire</sup> ~~streaks~~<sup>streaks</sup>,  
 ' That lend a tyrannous and a ~~damned~~<sup>part</sup> Light  
 ' To their Lord's Murder: roasted in Wrath and Fire,  
 ' And thus o'er-siz'd with coagulate Gore,  
 ' With Eyes like Carbuncles, the ~~concl~~<sup>concl</sup> ~~with~~ Pyrrhus  
 ' Old Grandfire Priam seeks.

Pol. My Lord, well spoken; with good Accent, and good Discretion.

Ham. So proceed you.

Play. Anon he finds him.

Striking too short at *Greeks*, his antique Sword  
 Rebellicious to his Arm, lies where it falls,  
 Repugnant to command; unequal match'd,  
*Pyrrhus* at *Priam* drives; in Rage strikes wide,  
 But with the whiff and wind of his fell Sword,  
 Th' unnerv'd Father falls. ' Then senseless *Ilium*,  
 ' Seeming to feel this Blow, with flaming top  
 ' Stoops to his Base; and, with a hideous Crash,  
 ' Takes Prisoner *Pyrrhus*' Ear: For, lo! his Sword,  
 ' Which was declining on the milky Head  
 ' Of Reverend *Priam*, seem'd i'th' Air to stick;  
 ' So, as a painted Tyrant, *Pyrrhus* stood,  
 ' And like a Neutral to his Will and Matter,  
 ' Did nothing.

But, as we often see, against some Storm,  
 A Silence in the Heavens, the Rack stands still,  
 The bold Winds speechless, and the Orb below  
 As hush as Death; anon the dreadful Thunder  
 Doth rend the Region: So, after *Pyrrhus*' pause,  
 A roused Vengeance sets him new a work;  
~~And never did the Cyclops' Hammers fall~~  
~~On Mars his Armour, forc'd for proof etern,~~  
~~With less Remorse than <sup>subdu'd his</sup> *Pyrrhus*' bleeding Sword~~  
 Now falls on *Priam*.

And, all

Out,







H A M L E T, Prince of Denmark. 45

~~Out, thou Strumpet Fortune! ' All you Gods  
' In general Synod take away her Power,  
' Break all the Spokes and Fellies from her Wheel,  
' And bowl the round Nave down the Hill of Heaven  
' As low as to the Fiends.~~

Pol. This is too long.

Ham. It shall to the Barber's with your Beard: pr'ythee say on, he's for a Jig, ~~or a Tale of Bawdry~~, or he sleeps. Say on; come to *Hecuba.*

Play. But who, <sup>was</sup> had seen the mobled Queen?

Ham. The mobled Queen!

Pol. That's good.

Play. Run bare foot up and down, threatening the Flames <sup>with</sup> biffon Rheum;

A Clout upon that Head

Where late the Diadem stood; and, for a Robe,

' About her lank, and all o'er-teemed Loins,

A Blanket, in th' Alarm of Fear caught up.

~~Who this had seen with Tongue in Venom steep'd;~~

~~' Gainst Fortune's State would Treason have pronounc'd:~~

~~' But if <sup>Oh! you de prattic queen had seen</sup> ~~you de prattic queen had seen~~~~

' When she saw Pyrrhus make malicious Sport,

' In mincing with his Sword her Husband's Limbs,

' The instant Burst of Clamour that she made, —

~~' Unless Things mortal move them not at all,~~

~~' Would have made mitch the burning Eyes of Heav'n,~~

~~' And Passion in the Gods.~~

Pol. Look wheth<sup>r</sup> he has not turn'd his Colour, and has Tears in ~~W~~s Eyes. — Pr'ythee no more.

Ham. 'Tis well, I'll have thee speak out the rest of this foen. Good my Lord, will you see the Players well bestowed? do you hear? let them be well used; for they are the Abstract, and brief Chronicles, of the Time: After your Death, you were better have a bad Epitaph, than their ill Report while you live.

Pol. My Lord, I will use them according to their Desert.

Ham. Much better <sup>man!</sup> use every Man, Sir, ~~after~~ <sup>after</sup> his Desert, and who shall scape whipping? Use them after your own Honour and Dignity; the less they deserve, the more Merit is in your Bounty. Take them in,

Pol. Come, Sirs.

Ham.

alone.

46 HAMLET, Prince of Denmark.

*Ham.* Follow him, Friends; we'll have a Play to morrow. Dost thou hear me, old Friend? Can you play the Murder of *Gonzago*?

*Play.* Ay, my Lord.

*Ham.* We'll have it to morrow night: you could for need study a Speech of some dozen <sup>a sixteen</sup> Lines, which I would set down, and insert in *it*: could you not?

*Play.* Ay, my Lord.

*Ham.* Very well; follow that Lord, and look you mock him not. My good Friends, I'll leave you 'till Night; you are welcome to *Elfinoor*.

*Ref. ~~Friend~~* my Lord. [*Exeunt all but Hamlet.*]

*Ham.* ' ~~Lo, Good by eye:~~

O what a ~~Witch~~ <sup>Witch</sup> and peasant Slave am I!  
Is it not monstrous that this Player here,  
But in a Fiction, in a Dream of Passion,  
Could force his Soul so to his own Conceit,  
That, from her working, all his Visage was <sup>mid</sup>,  
Tears in his Eyes, Distraction in's Aspect,  
A broken Voice, and his whole Function suiting  
With Forms to his Conceit? And all for nothing!  
For *Hecuba*!

What's *Hecuba* to him, or he to *Hecuba*.

That he should weep for her? What would he do,  
Had he the Motive, and that ~~Ground~~ <sup>Cause</sup> for Passion  
That I have? He would 'drown the Stage with Tears,  
' And cleave the general Ear with horrid Speech,  
Make mad the Guilty, and appal the Free,  
Confound the Ignorant; and amaze, indeed,  
The very Faculties of Eyes and Ears: ' yet I,  
' A dull and muddy-mettled Rascal, peak,  
' Like *John-a-dreams*, unpregnant of my Cause,  
' And can say nothing; no, not for a King,  
' Upon whose Property, and most dear Life,  
' A damn'd Defeat was made: Am I Coward?  
' ~~Who calls me Villain, breaks my Pate a-crofs,~~  
' ~~Plucks off my Beard, and blows it in my Face,~~  
' ~~Twekes me by the Nose, gives me the Lye i'th' Throat~~  
' As deep as to the Lungs. Who does me this?  
' Ha! why should I take it, for it cannot be.

But

By, so, adieu, and — How I am alone.



~~But I am Pigeon-liver'd and lack Gaul  
 To make Oppression bitter, or ere this  
 I should have fatted all the Region Kites  
 With this Slave's Offal. ' Bloody, bawdy Villain!  
 ' Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless Villain!  
 ' Why what an Ass am I? This is most brave,  
 ' That I, the Son of a dear Father, murder'd,  
 ' Prompted to my Revenge by Heaven and Hell,  
 ' Must, like a Whore, unpack my Heart with Words,  
 ' And fall a-cursing like a very Drab, a Scullion, fy upon't!  
 ' About my Brains humph! I have heard [foh!  
 That guilty Creatures, sitting at a Play,  
 Have, by the very Cunning of the Scene,  
 Been struck so to the Soul, that, presently,  
 They have proclaim'd their Malefactions:  
 For Murder, tho' it have no Tongue, will speak  
 ' With most miraculous Organ.' I'll have these Players]  
 Play something like the Murder of my Father,  
 Before my Uncle; I'll observe his Looks,  
 I'll tent him to the quick; if he dook pale, *blench,*  
 I know my Course. ~~The Spirit that I have seen~~  
~~May be a Devil, and the Devil may have power~~  
~~To assume a pleasing Shape; yea and perhaps~~  
~~' Out of my Weakness and my Melancholy,~~  
~~' As he is very potent with such Spirits,~~  
~~' Abuses me to damn me.' I'll have Grounds~~  
~~More relative than this, the Play's the thing,~~  
 Wherein I'll catch the Conscience of the King. [Exit.~~



~~ACT III.~~ S C E N E III.

Enter King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosencrantz,  
 Guildenstern, Gentlemen, and Guards.

King. **A**ND can you, by no Drift of Conference,  
 Get from him, why he puts on this Confusion,  
 ' Grating so harshly all his days of Quiet  
 ' With turbulent and dangerous Lunacy?

Ros.

48 HAMLET, Prince of Denmark.

Rof. He does confefs he feels himself diftracted;  
But from what Cause, he will by no means ~~ſpeak~~.

Guil. Nor do we find him forward to be founded;  
‘ But, with a crafty Madnefs, keeps aloof,  
‘ When we would bring him on to ſome Confefſion  
‘ Of his true State.

Queen. Did he receive you well?

Rof. Moſt ~~well~~ like a gentleman.

Guil. But with much forcing of his Diſpoſition.

Rof. ~~Without~~ <sup>Without</sup> ~~of~~ <sup>of</sup> ~~question~~; but, of our Demands,  
Moſt free in his Reply.

Queen. Did you ~~bring~~ <sup>bring</sup> him to any Paſtime?

Rof. Madam, it fell out, that certain Players  
We o’ertook on the way: of theſe we told him;  
And there did ſeem in him a kind of Joy  
To hear of it: they ~~are~~ <sup>are</sup> here about the Court;  
And, as I think, they have already order  
~~The~~ Night to play before him.

Pol. ‘Tis moſt true,  
And he beſeched me to intreat your Majeſties  
To hear and ſee the matter.

King. With all my Heart;  
And it doth much content me  
To hear him ſo inclin’d.  
Good Gentlemen, give him a further Edge,  
And ~~bring him~~ <sup>bring him</sup> to theſe Delights.

Rof. We ſhall, my Lord. [Exeunt Rof. & Guil.]

King. Swete Gertrude, leave us too;  
For we have cloſely ſent for Hamlet hither,  
That he, as ’twere by accident, may ~~meet~~ <sup>meet</sup>

*affront* Ophelia ~~here~~; her Father and my ſelf (*lawful ſpirits*)  
Will ſo beſtow our ſelves, that ſeeing, ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> unſeen,  
We may of their Encounter judge;  
‘ And gather by him, as he is behav’d,  
If it be the Affliction of Love, or no,  
‘ That thus he ſuffers for.

Queen. I ſhall obey you:  
And, for my part, Ophelia, I do wiſh,  
That your good Beauties be the happy Cauſe  
Of Hamlet’s Wildnefs: ſo ſhall I hope your Virtues

Will







HAMLET, Prince of Denmark. 49

Will bring him to his wonted way again,  
To both your Honours.

[Exit Queen.

Oph. Madam, I wish it may.

Pol. Ophelia, walk you here: ~~while we~~ <sup>gracious,</sup> <sup>you</sup> ~~retire conceal'd:~~ <sup>so please</sup>  
~~(If you Majesty shall please) retire conceal'd:~~  
~~we will bestow ourselves: — =~~

Read on this Book;

That shew of such an Exercise may colour  
Your Loneliness.— We are oft to blame in this, —  
Tis too much prov'd, that with Devotion's Visage,  
And pious Action, we do sugar o'er  
The Devil himself.

King. O 'tis too true! *how smart*

~~How smart~~ A Lash that Speech doth give my Conscience

The Harlot's Cheek, beautified with plaiting Art,  
Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it,  
Than is my Deed to my molt painted Word:  
O heavy Burden!

Pol. I hear him coming, retire, my Lord.

[Exeunt King and Pol.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. To be, or not to be, that is the Question; —

Whether 'tis nobler in the Mind to suffer

The Slings and Arrows of <sup>all</sup> outrage, ~~or~~ ~~to~~ ~~die~~ ~~to~~ ~~sleep~~;

Or to take Arms against a Sea of Troubles,

And, by opposing, end them: To die, to sleep; —

No more; and, by a Sleep, to say we end

The Heart-ach, and the thousand natural Shocks

That Flesh is Heir to, 'tis a Consummation

Devoutly to be wish'd, To die to sleep? —

To sleep, perchance, to dream, ay, there's the Rub;

For, in that Sleep of Death, what dreams may come,

When we have shuffled off this mortal Coil,

Must give us pause; there's the Respect

That makes Calamity of so long Life:

For who would bear the Whips and Scorns of Time,

Th' Oppressor's Wrong, the proud Man's Contumely,

The Pangs of despis'd Love, the Law's Delay,

The Insolence of Office, and the Spurns

That patient Merit of th' Unworthy takes,

When he himself might his Quietus make

*Polonius.*

With

50 HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.*

With a bare Bodkin? Who would Fardels bear,  
 To groan and sweat under a weary Life?  
 But that the Dread of something after Death,—  
 'The undiscover'd Country, from whose Bourn  
 No Traveller returns, puzzles the Will;  
 And makes us rather bear those Ills we have,  
 Than fly to others that we know not of?  
 Thus, Conscience does make Cowards of us all;  
 And thus the ~~healthful~~ <sup>valiant</sup> Face of Resolution  
 Is sicklied o'er with the pale Cast of Thought;  
 And Enterprizes of great pith and moment,  
 With this regard, their currents turn away,  
 And lose the Name of Action. — 'Soft you now,'  
 'The fair Ophelia! Nymph, in thy Orizons  
 Be all my Sins remembered.

*Oph. Good my Lord, how do ye?  
 How does your honour, for this many a day?*

*Ham.* I humbly thank you, well. <sup>^</sup>

*Oph.* My Lord, I have Remembrances of yours,  
 That I have long'd to re-deliver;  
 Pray you, now receive them.

*Ham.* No, not I; I never gave you aught.

*Oph.* My honour'd Lord, you know right well you did,  
 And with them words of so sweet Breath compos'd,  
 As made these things more rich: That Perfume lost,  
 Take these again; for to the noble Mind,  
 Rich Gifts wax poor, when Givers prove unkind.  
 There, my Lord.

*Ham.* Ha, ha, are you honest?

*Oph.* My Lord?

*Ham.* Are you fair?

*Oph.* What means your Lordship?

*Ham.* That, if you be honest and fair, you should ad-  
 mit no Discourse to your Beauty.

*Oph.* Could Beauty, my Lord, have better Commerce  
 than with Honesty?

*Ham.* Ay truly, for the Power of Beauty will sooner  
~~debase~~ <sup>transform</sup> Honesty from what it is to a ~~Bawd~~, than the  
 Force of Honesty can translate Beauty to his Likeness:  
 this was sometime a Paradox, but now the time gives it

*Proof.* I did love you once.

*Oph.*

^ see p. 51. [<sup>2</sup> seeing the King and Polonius.



HAMLET, Prince of Denmark. 51

Oph. Indeed, my Lord, you made me believe so.

Ham. You should not have believ'd me, for Virtue cannot so inoculate our old stock, but we shall relish of it: I lov'd you not.

Oph. I was the more deceiv'd.

Ham. Get thee to a Nunnery, why wouldst thou be a ~~Preceder~~ <sup>in other</sup> of Sinners? I am my self indifferent honest; but yet, I could accuse me of such things, that it were better my Mother had not bore me. I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious; with more Offences at my beck than I have Thoughts to put them in, Imagination to give them shape, or Time to act them in: What should such Fellows as I do crawling between Earth and Heaven? We are arrant Knaves, <sup>all</sup> believe none of us; go thy ways to a Nunnery. [Where's your Father?

Oph. At home, my Lord.

Ham. Let the Doors be shut upon him, *Intro-  
-duce  
his  
w. 50.* That he may play the fool no-where but in's own House: Farewel.

Oph. O help him, you sweet Heavens!

Ham. If thou dost marry, ~~thou give'st~~ <sup>will be</sup> this ~~Plague~~ <sup>Plague</sup> for thy Dowry; Be thou as chaste as Ice, as pure as Snow, thou shalt not <sup>will be</sup> escape Calumny; get thee to a Nunnery: Or, if thou wilt needs marry, marry a Fool; for wise Men know well enough what Monsters you make of them: To a Nunnery, go, and quickly too. Farewel. *Farewell!*

Oph. Heavenly Powers, restore him!

Ham. I have heard of your Paintings <sup>too</sup> well enough: Nature hath given you one Face, and you make your selves another; you jig, ~~and~~ <sup>you</sup> amble, and you lisp, you nick-name ~~Heavens~~ <sup>Heavens</sup> Creatures, and make your Wantonness your Ignorance; go to, I'll no more on't, it hath made me mad: I say we will have no more Marriages; those that are married already, all but one shall live, the rest shall keep as they are. To a Nunnery, go. [Exit.

Oph. O what a noble Mind is here o'erthrown!

• The Courtier's, Soldier's, Scholar's Eye, Tongue, Sword,  
The Expectation and Rose of the fair State,  
• The Glafs of Fashion, and the Mould of Form,  
The observ'd of all Observers, quite, quite down,  
And I, of Ladies most deject and wretched,

*notations for the Play.*

52 HAMLET, Prince of Denmark.

‘ That suck’d the Honey of his Musick-Vows ;  
 Now see that noble and most sovereign Reason,  
 Like sweet Bells jangled, out of tune and harsh,  
 ‘ That unmatched Form and Feature of blown Youth  
 ‘ Blasted with Extasy.’ O, woe is me !  
 To have seen what I have seen, seeing what I see ! ~~[Exit]~~

*Enter King and Polonius.*

*King.* Love ! his Affections do not that way tend ;  
 Nor what he spake, tho’ it lack’d Form a little,  
 Was not like Madnes ; — ‘ There’s something in his Soul,  
 \* O’er which his Melancholy sits on brood,  
 \* And I do doubt, the Hatch and the Disclose,  
 \* Will be some danger, which to prevent  
 \* I have, a quick Determination  
 \* Thus set down :’ He shall with speed to *England*,  
 For the Demand of our neglected Tribute.  
 Haply, the Seas and Countries different,  
 With variable Objects, shall expel  
 This something-settled Matter in his Heart ;  
 Whereon his Brain’s still beating, =  
 = Puts him thus From Fashion of himself. =  
 = What think you on’t ?

~~*Enter Ophelia.*~~

*Pol.* It shall do well :  
 ‘ But yet I do believe the Origin and Commencement of it,  
 ‘ Sprung from neglected Love.’ How now, *Ophelia* ?  
 You need not tell us what Lord *Hamlet* said ;  
 We heard it all. — My Lord, do as you please,  
 But, if you hold it fit, after the Play,  
 Let his Queen-Mother alone intreat him  
 To shew his Grief ; let her be round with him,  
 And I’ll be plac’d (so please you) in the Ear  
 Of all their Conference : if she find him not,  
 To *England* send him ; or confine him where  
 Your Wisdom best shall think.

*King.* It shall be so,  
 Madnes in great ones must not unwatch’d go. ~~[Exit]~~

*Enter Hamlet and three of the Players.*

*Ham.* Speak the Speech, I pray you, as I pronounc’d it  
 so you, smoothly from the Tongue ; but, if you mouth  
 trippingly on it,



Act III.

Scene I. The Hall, with preparations for the play.



it, as many of our Players do, I had as lief the Town-Crier spoke my Lines: nor do not saw the Air too much with your hand, thus; but use all gently; for, in the very torrent, Tempest, and, (as I may say,) Whirlwind of <sup>Passion</sup> Passion, you must acquire and beget a Temperance that may give it Smoothness. Oh, it offends me to the <sup>grief</sup> Soul, to hear a robutious Periwig-pated Fellow tear a Passion <sup>to</sup> *to* very Rags, to split the Ears of the Groundlings; who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb Shews and Noise: I would have such a Fellow whipp'd for o'er-doing *Termagant*; it out-Herods Herod, pray you avoid it.

*Play.* I warrant your Honour.

*Ham.* Be not too tame, neither; but let your own Discretion be your Tutor; suit the Action to the Word, the Word to the Action; with this special Observance, that you o'er-step not the Modesty of Nature; for any thing <sup>to</sup> *to* o'er-done, is from the Purpose of Playing, whose end, both at first, and now, was, and is, to hold, as 'twere, the Mirror up to Nature; to shew Virtue her <sup>own</sup> *own* Feature, Scorn her own Image, and the very Age and Body of the Time her Form and Pressure. Now, this, over done, or come tardy off, tho' it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve: the Censure of which one must in your Allowance o'erweigh a whole Theatre of others. O there be Players that I have seen play, and heard others praise, and that highly, (not to speak it profanely,) that neither having the Accent of Christian, nor the Gate of Christian, Pagan, nor Man, have so strutted and bel-lowed, that I have thought some of Nature's Journeymen had made Men, and not made them well, they imitated Humanity so abominably.

*Play.* I hope we have reformed that indifferently with us.

*Ham.* O, reform it altogether, And let those, that play your Clowns, speak no more than is set down for them; for there be of them, that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren Spectators to laugh too; tho' in the mean time, some necessary Question of the Play be then to be consider'd: that's villanous; and shews a most pitiful Ambition in the Fool that uses it. Go, make you ready. 'How now, my Lord, will the King hear this piece of work?' *C 3* *him:*

[*Exeunt Players.*]

54 HAMLET, Prince of Denmark.

Enter Polonius, Guildenstern and Rosencrantz.

' Pol. And the Queen, too, and that presently.

Ham. Bid the Players make haste. Will you two help  
to hasten them?

Ros. Ay, my Lord. [*Exeunt these three.*]

Enter Horatio.

Ham. What ho; Horatio?

Hor. Here, my Lord, at your service.

Ham. Horatio, thou art e'en as just a Man  
As e'er my Conversation ~~met~~ <sup>could</sup> withal.

Hor. O, my dear Lord! —

Ham. Nay, do not think I flatter;

For what Advancement may I hope from thee,  
That ~~has~~ <sup>has</sup> no Revenue, but thy good Spirits, [*ter'd*]

To feed, and clothe thee? Why should the Poor be flatter'd?

' No, let the candied Tongue lick absurd Pomp,

' And crook the pregnant Hinges of the Knee,

' Where Thrift may follow Fawning, Dost thou hear?

Since my dear Soul was Mistress of her Choice,

And could of Men distinguish her Election,

*She*

Hath seal'd thee for her self: For thou hast been

As one in suffering all, that suffers nothing —

' A Man that Fortune's Buffets and Rewards

' Hast ta'en with equal thanks: and blest are those

' Whose Blood and Judgment are so well commingled,

' That they are not a Pipe for Fortune's Finger,

' To sound what Stop she please.' Give me that Man

That is not Passion's Slave, and I will wear him

As I do thee. — Something too much of this —

There is a Play to night before the King;

One Scene of it comes near the Circumstance,  
~~Which I have told thee~~ <sup>of my dear</sup> of my Father's Death:

I prithee, when thou seest that Act on foot,

E'en with the very Comment of thy Soul,

Observe my Uncle: if ~~then~~ <sup>occult</sup> his hidden Guilt

Do not itself <sup>underneath</sup> ~~answer~~ in one Speech, —

It is a damned Ghost that we have seen,

' And my Imaginations are as foul

' As Vulcan's Suthy: give him heedful note,

Why then our thoughts do wrong him:



HAMLET, Prince of Denmark. 55

For I mine Eyes will rivet to his Face;

And, after, we will both our Judgments join

In Censure of his seeming.

Hor. I will, my Lord;

• If he steal ought, the whilst the Play is playing,

• And scape Detecting, I will pay the Theft.

Enter King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia, Gentlemen.

Ham. They are coming to the Play; I must be idle;  
Get you a place.

King. How fares our Cousin Hamlet?

Ham. Excellent ~~if~~ *fair, well;*

Of the Cameleon's Dish: I eat, the Air;

Promise cramm'd; you cannot feed Capons so.

King. I have nothing with this Answer, Hamlet;

These words are not mine.

Ham. No nor mine now, My Lord, ———

You play'd once in the Univerfity, you say? [To Pol.

Pol. That I did, my Lord; and was accounted a very

Ham. What did you enact? [good Actor.

Pol. I did enact Julius Cæſar; I was kill'd ith' Capitol;

Brutus kill'd me. [Calf there. —

Ham. It was a Brute part of him, to kill ſo capital a  
Be the Players ready?

Rof. Ay, my Lord; they wait upon your Patience.

Queen. Come hither, my dear Hamlet, ſit by me.

Ham. No, good Mother, here's Metal more attractive.

Pol. O ho, do you mark that? [To the King.

Ham. Lady, ſhall I lie in your Lap?

Oph. No, my Lord.

Ham. Do you think I mean Country matters?

• Oph. I think nothing, my Lord. [Legs.

• Ham. That's a fair thought to lie between a Maid-

• Oph. What is, my Lord?

• Ham. Nothing.

Oph. You are merry, my Lord!

• Ham. Who, I?

• Oph. Ay, my Lord.

Ham. Your only Jig-maker: What ſhould a Man do  
but be merry? for, look you, how chearfully my Mother  
looks, and my Father died within theſe two hours.

*stairs drawing aſunder  
under with an Arbour*

*and the queen.*

*wardrobes under cover:*

56 HAMLET, Prince of Denmark.

*Oph.* Nay, 'tis twice two Months, my Lord.

*Ham.* So long! nay, then, let the Devil wear black, for I'll have a Suit of Sables: ~~O Heavens!~~ die two Months ago, and not forgotten yet! then there's hope a great Man's Memory may outlive his Life half a year: but he must build Churches then; or else shall he suffer not thinking on, with the Hobby-horse; whose Epitaph is, For O,  
for O, the Hobby-horse is forgot.

*Oph.* What means the Play, my Lord?

*Ham.* It is m<sup>uch</sup>atching *Mall*co; it means Mischief.

*Oph.* But what's the Argument?

*Enter Prologue.*

*Ham.* We shall know by this Fellow:  
The Players cannot keep ~~secret~~ <sup>secret</sup>, they'll ~~show~~ <sup>tell</sup> all.

*Oph.* ~~Are they so good at Shew,~~ my Lord?

*Ham.* Ay, at any Shew that you will shew them: be not you ashamed to shew, and they'll not blush to tell you what it means.

*Oph.* You are naught, you are naught, I'll mark the Play.

*Prologue.* For us, and for our Tragedy,  
*Here stooping to your Clemency,*  
*We beg your hearing patiently.*

*Ham.* Is this a Prologue, or the Posy of a Ring?

*Oph.* 'Tis brief, my Lord.

*Ham.* As Woman's Love.

*Enter Player-King and Queen.*

*Pl. King.* Full thirty times hath ~~Phæbus~~ <sup>Phæbus</sup>' Car gone round:  
*Ocean's* ~~Neptune's~~ salt Wash, and *Tellus* orb'd the Ground,  
And thirty dozen Moons with borrow'd shewn  
About the World have <sup>twelve</sup> ~~twelve~~ times thirty <sup>been</sup> ~~been~~,  
Since Love our Hearts, and ~~Love~~ <sup>Love</sup> did our Hands  
Unite, ~~in~~ <sup>connecting</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>most</sup> in sacred Bands.

*Pl. Queen.* So many Journeys may the Sun and Moon  
Make us again count o'er, ere Love be done!  
But, woe is me, you are so sick of late,  
*So* ~~And so~~ far ~~different~~ <sup>dear and from</sup> from your former State,  
That I distrust you: Yet, tho' I distrust,  
Discomfort you, my Lord, it nothing must:  
For Women fear too much, even as they love.



The play commences, by the curtains drawing asunder and discovering the scene of a garden with an Arbour and Seat.

Flour. But here come the king and the queen. We have laid your majesties' wardrobes under contribution.



~~And~~ ~~Now~~ Women's Fear and Love hold Quantity,  
 In ~~either~~ <sup>and to</sup> ~~one~~, or in Extremity.

Now what my Love ~~has been~~, <sup>is</sup> Proof, makes you know;  
 And as my Love is great, my Fear is so:  
 Where Love is great, the ~~smallest~~ <sup>least</sup> Doubts are Fear;  
 Where little Fear grows, great, great Love grows there.

*Pl. King.* I must leave thee, Love, and shortly too,  
 My ~~own~~ <sup>own</sup> Powers their Functions leave to do;  
 But thou shalt live in this fair World behind,  
 Honour'd, belov'd, and, haply, one as kind,  
 For Husband shalt thou \_\_\_\_\_

*Pl. Queen.* O ~~confound~~ <sup>confound</sup> the rest!  
 Such Love must needs be Treason in my Breast:  
 In second Husband let me be accurst!  
 None wed the second; but who kill'd the first.

*Ham.* That's Wormwood.  
*Pl. Queen.* The instances, that second Marriage move,  
 ' A base Respects of Thrift, but none of Love;  
 ' A second time I kill my Husband dead,  
 ' When second Husband ~~kills~~ <sup>kills</sup> me ~~in~~ <sup>in</sup> Bed.

*Pl. King.* I do believe, you think what now you speak;  
 But, what we do determine, oft we break;  
 ' Purpose is but the Slave of Memory,  
 ' Of violent Birth, but poor Validity;  
 ' Which now, like Fruit, unripe, sticks on the Trees;  
 ' But fall, unshaken, when they mellow be.  
 ' Most necessary 'tis, that we forget  
 ' To pay our selves what to our selves is Debt;  
 ' What to our selves in Passion we propose,  
 ' The Passion ending, doth the Purpose lose;  
 ' The Violence of either Grief or Joy  
 ' Their own Enactures with themselves destroy;  
 ' Where Joy most revels, Grief doth most lament;  
 ' Grief joys, Joy grieves, on slender Accident.  
 ' This World is not for ay; nor 'tis ~~so~~ <sup>so</sup> strange,  
 ' That even our Loves should with our Fortunes change;  
 ' For 'tis a Question left us yet to prove,  
 ' Whether Love lead Fortune, or else Fortune Love.  
 ' The great Man down, you mark his Favourite flies;  
 ' The Poor advanc'd, makes Friends of Enemies.

king, that he may be observed.

' And hitherto doth Love on Fortune tend;  
 ' For who not needs, shall never lack a Friend;  
 ' And who, in want, a hollow Friend doth try,  
 ' Directly seasons him his Enemy.  
 ' But, orderly to end where I begun, —  
 ' Our Wills and Fates do so contrary run,  
 ' That our Devices still are overthrown;  
 ' Our Thoughts are ours, their Ends none of our own.  
*So* ' Think ~~that~~ thou wilt no second Husband wed;  
 ' But, thy Thoughts ~~die~~ when thy first Lord is dead.

*Pl. Queen.* Nor Earth to give me Food, nor Heaven  
 Sport and Repose lock from me day and night! [Light,  
 ' To Desperation turn my Trust and Hope!  
 ' An Anchor's cheer in Prison be my Scope!  
 ' Each opposite, that blanks the Face of Joy,  
 ' Meet what I would have well, and it destroy!  
 Both here, and hence, pursue me lasting Strife,  
 If, once I Widow, be, and then a Wife!

*Ham.* If she should break it now? — [while]

*Pl. King.* 'Tis deeply sworn — Sweet, leave me here —  
 My Spirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile  
 The tedious Day with Sleep. [Sleeps]

*Pl. Queen.* Sleep rock thy Brain;

And never come mischance between us twain. [Exit.]

*Ham.* Madam, how like you the Play?

*Queen.* The Lady doth protest too much, methinks.

*Ham.* O, but she'll keep her word. [sence in't?]

*King.* Have you heard the Argument? Is there no of-

*Ham.* No, no, they do but jest; poison in jest, no offence,

*King.* What do they call the Play? in the world.

*Ham.* The Mouse trap — ~~how?~~ How? tropically. This  
 Play is the Image of a Murder done in Vienna. Gonzago  
 is the Duke's Name; his Wife *Baptista*; you shall see anon.  
 'tis a knavish piece of work; but what of that? Your  
 Majesty, and we that have free Souls, it touches us not; let  
 the galled Jade winch, our Withers are unwrung. This  
 is one *Lucianus*, Nephew to the King.

Enter *Lucianus*.

*Oph.* You are as good as a Chorus, my Lord.

He has dressed himself like the king, that he may the  
better steal into the garden unobserved.



Ham. Thus was he, sleeping, by a brother's hand,  
Of life, of crown, of queen, at once dispatch'd,  
No reckoning made, but sent to his account  
With all his imperfections on his head.

Hor. If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not;

## HAMLET, Prince of Denmark. 59

Ham. I could interpret between you and your Love,  
if I could see the Puppits dallying.

Opb. You are keen, my Lord, you are keen.

Ham. It would cost you a Groaning to take off mine

Opb. Still worse and worse. [Edge.

Ham. So you mistake your Husbands. Begin, Murderer,  
leave thy damnable Faces and begin; come, the  
croaking Raven doth bellow for Revenge. [agreeing.

Luc. Thoughts black, Hands apt, Drugs fit, and Time  
Confederate Season; ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> no Creature seeing;  
Thou mixture rank, of Midnight Weeds collected,  
With ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> Bang, thrice blasted, thrice infected;  
Thy natural Magick and dire Property,  
On wholsom Life usurps immediately.

Ham. He poisons him i'th' Garden for his Estate, His  
Name's Gonzago; the Story is extant, and written in  
very choice Italian; you shall see, anon, how the Mur-  
derer gets the Love of Gonzago's Wife.

Opb. The King rises.

Ham. What, frighted with false Fire?

Queen. How fares my Lord?

Pol. Give o'er the Play.

King. Give me some Light; Away!

Pol. Lights, Lights, Lights. [Ex. all but Ham. and Hor.

Ham. Why let the stricken Deer go weep,

The Hart ungall'd go play;

For some must watch, whilst some must sleep;

Thus runs the World away. 'Would not this, Sir, and

'a Forest of Feathers, if the rest of my Fortune's turn

'Turk with me, with provincial Roses on my raz'd Shoes,

'get me a Fellowship in a City of Players?

Hor. Half a Share.

Ham. A whole one, I.

For thou dost know, O Damon dear,

This Realm dismantled was

Of Jove himself, and now reigns here

A very very Peacock.

Hor. You might have rhym'd.

Ham. O good Horatia, I'll take the Ghost's word for  
a thousand Pound, Didst perceive?

mark

damned incest.

his act,

thy soul contrive

ave her to heaven,

her bosom lodge

my lord -- the king --

incestrous beast,

traiterous gifts

have the power

but lust

vicious queen.

was there!

of that dignity

even with the won

c; and to decline

gifts were poor

and Guild.)

60 HAMLET, Prince of Denmark.

*Hor.* Very well, my Lord.

*Ham.* Upon the Talk of the poisoning.

*Hor.* I did very well note him.

*Ham.* Ah, ah! come some Musick; come, the Recorders —  
 For the King likes not the Comedie,  
 Why, then, <sup>perhaps</sup> he likes it not, <sup>being commonly</sup>  
 Come, some Musick.

*Enter Rosencraus and Guildenstern.*

*Guil.* God my Lord, vouchsafe me a Word with you.

*Ham.* Sir, a whole History.

*Guil.* The King, Sir, —

*Ham.* Ay, Sir, what of him?

*Guil.* Is, in his Retirement, marvellous distemper'd.

*Ham.* With Drink, Sir?

*Guil.* No, my Lord, with Choler.

*Ham.* Your Wisdom would shew itself richer, to signify this to the Doctor; for me to put him to his Purgation, would, perhaps, plunge him into more Choler.

*Guil.* Good my Lord, put your Discourse into some And start not, so wildly from my <sup>Business</sup> <sup>affair</sup>. [Frame,

*Ham.* I am tame, Sir; pronounce.

*Guil.* The Queen, your Mother, in most great Affliction of Spirit, hath sent me to you.

*Ham.* You are welcome.

*Guil.* Nay, good my Lord, this Courtesie is not of the right breed — If it shall please you to make me a wholesome Answer, I will do your Mother's Commandment; if not, your Pardon, and my Return, shall be the end of <sup>my</sup> ~~the~~ Business.

*Ham.* Sir, I cannot.

*Ros.* What, my Lord?

*Ham.* Make you a wholesome Answer; my Wit's diseased: but, Sir, such Answer as I can make, you shall command; or, rather, as you say, my Mother; therefore no more, but to the matter: my Mother, you say, —

*Ros.* Then thus she says, Your Behaviour of late hath struck her into Amazement and Admiration.

*Ham.* O wonderful Son, that can thus astonish a Mother! But is there no Sequel at the Heels of this Mother's Admiration? Impart.



Ham. Thus was he, sleeping, by a brother's hand,  
Of life, of crown, of queen, at once dispatch'd,  
No reckoning made, but sent to his account  
With all his imperfections on his head.

Hor. If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not;  
Let not the royal bed of Denmark  
Be a couch for luxury and damned incest.

But, howsoever thou pursu'st this act,  
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive  
Against thy mother aught; leave her to heaven,  
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge  
To prick and sting her. But, my lord — the king —

Ham. Ay, that <sup>adulterate</sup> incestuous beast,  
With witchcraft of his wit, with traitorous gifts  
(O wicked wit and gifts that have the power  
So to seduce) won to his shameful lust  
The will of the most seeming-virtuous queen.

Horatio, what a falling off was there!  
From him whose love was of that dignity  
That it went hand in hand even with the vow  
He made to her in marriage; and to decline  
Upon a wretch whose natural gifts were poor  
To those of his! [seeing Ros. and Guild.]  
Ah, ah! &c.



HAMLET, Prince of Denmark. 63

Rof. She defires to fpeak with you in her Clofet, ere you go to bed.

Ham. We ihall obey, were ſhe ten times our Mother: Have you any farther Trade with us?

Rof. My Lord, you, once, did love me.

Ham. And do ſtill, ~~by theſe Pickers and Stealers.~~

Rof. Good my Lord, what is the Cauſe of your Diſtemper? You do, ſurely, bar the Door upon your own Liberty, if you deny your Griefs to your Friend.

Ham. Sir, I lack Advancement.

Rof. How can that be, when you have the Voice of the King himſelf for your Succeſſion in Denmark?

*Enter Horatio with Recorders.*

Ham. Ay, Sir, but While the Graſs grows, the Proverb is ſomething muſty: Oh the Recorders; let me ſee one To withdraw with you; why do you go about to recover the Wind of me, as if you would drive me into a Toil?

Guil. O, my Lord, if my Duty be too bold, my Love is too unmannerly.

Ham. I do not well underſtand that, Will you play upon this Pipe?

Guil. My Lord, I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guil. Believe me, I cannot.

Ham. I beſeech you.

Guil. I know no touch of it, my Lord.

Ham. It is as eaſy, as Lying; govern theſe Ventiges with your Fingers and Thumb; give it breath with your Mouth, and it will diſcourſe moſt eloquent Muſick: look you, theſe are the Stops.

Guil. But theſe cannot I command to any Utterance of Harmony; I have not the Skill.

Ham. Why look you <sup>now</sup>, how unworthy a thing you make of me! you would play upon me; you would ſeem to know my Stops; you would pluck out the heart of my Myſtery; you would ſound me from my loweſt Note to the top of my Compaſs: and there is much Muſick, excellent Voice, in this little Organ; yet cannot you make it ſpeak. ~~Search~~ Do you think I am eaſier to be play'd

62 HAMLET, Prince of Denmark.

on than a Pipe? Call me what Instrument you will, tho' you can fret me, you cannot play upon me.

*Enter Polonius.*

*Pol.* My Lord, the Queen would speak with you, and presently.

*Ham.* Do you see yonder Cloud, that's almost in shape of a Camel?

*Pol.* 'Tis like a Camel, indeed.

*Ham.* Methinks, 'tis like a Wæzel.

*Pol.* It is black, like a Wæzel.

*Ham.* Or, like a Whale?

*Pol.* Very like a Whale.

*Ham.* Then I will come to my Mother by and by. *[by.]* They fool me to the top of my bent. I will come by and

*Pol.* I will say so.

*[Exit.]*

*Ham.* By and by is easily said. Leave me, Friends.

*[Exeunt.]*

~~'Tis now the very witching time of Night,  
When Church-yards yaun, and Hell itself breathes out  
Contagion to the World: Now could I drink hot blood,  
And do such Deeds as Day itself~~

~~Would quake to look on.~~ Soft! now to my Mother:—

O Heart, lose not thy Nature! let not ever

The Soul of Nero enter this firm Bosom!

Let me be cruel, not unnatural:

I will speak Daggers to her, but use none.

My Tongue and Soul, in this, be Hypocrites;

How in my Words soever she be shent,

To give them Seals, never, my Soul, consent.

*[Exit:]*

*Enter King, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*

*King.* I like him not, nor stands it safe with us

To let his Madness range; therefore prepare you:

I your Commission will forthwith dispatch,

And he, to England, shall along with you;

The Terms of our Estate may not endure

Hazards so near us, as doth hourly grow

Out of his Lunacies.

*Guil.* We will our selves provide;

Most Holy and Religious Fear it is,

To

Scene II. A Room.



HAMLET, Prince of Denmark. 62

' To keep those many Bodies safe,  
 ' That live, and feed, upon your Majesty.  
 ' *Rof.* The single and peculiar Life is bound  
 ' With all the Strength and Armour of the mind,  
 ' To keep itself from Noyance; but, much more,  
 ' That Spirit, upon whose Weal depends and rests  
 ' The lives of many: The 'Cease of Majesty  
 ' Dies not alone; but, like a Gulf, doth draw  
 ' What's near it, with it: ~~It~~ it is a massy Wheel,  
 ' Fix'd on the Summit of the highest Mount,  
 ' To whose huge Spokes ten thousand lesser things  
 ' Are mortis'd and adjoin'd; which, when it falls,  
 ' Each small Annexment, petty Consequence,  
 ' Attends the boisterous Ruin: Never alone  
 ' Did the King sigh, but with a general Groan.

*King.* Arm, ~~then~~, I pray you, to this speedy Voyage;  
 For we will Fetters put about this Fear,  
 Which now goes too free-footed.

*Rof.* We will ~~make~~ haste us. [*Exeunt Rof. & Guil.*]

*My Lord,* Enter Polonius.

*Pol.* ~~Sir~~, he's going to his Mother's Closets  
 Behind the Arras I'll convey my self,  
 To hear the Proceſs; I'll warrant, she'll tax him home;  
 And, as you ſaid, and wiſely was it ſaid,  
 'Tis meet, that ſome more Audience, than a Mother,  
 Since Nature makes them partial, ſhould o'er-hear  
 Their Speech. Fare you well, my Liege,  
 I'll call upon you ere you go to bed,  
 And tell you what I ~~hear~~ know.

[*Exit*]

*King.* Thanks, dear my Lord.  
 O, my Offence is rank, it ſmells to Heaven;  
 It hath the ~~penit~~ <sup>penit</sup> eldest Curſe upon't,  
 A Brother's Murder! ~~pray~~ <sup>can</sup> I cannot  
 Tho' Inclination be as ſharp as Will;  
 My ſtronger Guilt defeats my ſtrong Intent;  
 And, like a Man to double Buſineſs bound,  
 I ſtand in pauſe where I ſhall firſt begin;  
 And both neglect. What, if this curſed Hand  
 Were thicker than it ſelf with Brother's Blood?  
 Is there not ~~Hamlet~~ <sup>Hamlet</sup> ~~enough~~ in the ſweet Heavens

him wholly thine.  
 e his heart:  
 own bleſſed Son.  
 y mother &c.

64 HAMLET, Prince of Denmark.

To wash it white as Snow? Whereto serves Mercy,  
 But to confront the Visage of Offence?  
 ' And what's in Prayer, but this twofold Force,  
 ' To be forestalled, ere we come to fall,  
 ' Or pardon'd being down?' Then I'll look up:  
 My Fault is past; But, oh! what Form of Prayer  
 Can serve my turn? Forgive me my foul Murder! —  
 That cannot be, since I am still possess'd  
 Of those Effects for which I did the Murder,  
 My Crown, mine own Ambition, and my Queen;  
 May one be pardon'd, and retain th' Offence?  
 In the corrupted Currents of this World,  
 Offence's gilded Hand may shove by Justice;  
 And oft 'tis seen the wicked Prize it self  
 Buys out the Law: but 'tis not so above;  
 There is no shuffling: there the Action lies  
 In its true Nature, and we our selves compell'd,  
 Even to the Teeth and Forehead of our Faults,  
 To give in evidence. What then? what rests?  
 Try what Repentance can; what can it not?  
 Yet what can it, when one cannot repent?  
 O wretched State! O Bosom, black as Death!  
 O limed Soul! that struggling to be free,  
 Art more engaged! <sup>Help Angels,</sup> ~~Help Angels,~~ <sup>make assay,</sup> ~~make assay,~~  
 Bow stubborn Knees, and Heart, with Strings of Steel;  
 Be soft as Sinews of the new-born Babe,  
 All may be well. [The King kneels.]

Enter Hamlet.

~~Ham. Where is this Murderer? he kneels and prays,  
 And now I'll do't, and so he goes to Heaven,  
 And so I am reveng'd: that would bescann'd  
 He kill'd my Father, and for that  
 I his sole Son send him to Heaven.  
 Why this is Reward — not Revenge:  
 He took my Father grossly, ' full of Bread,  
 With all his Crimes broad blown as flush as May;  
 And how his Audit stands, who knows save Heaven?  
 But in our Circumstances and Course of Thought,  
 'Tis heavy with him; and, am I then reveng'd,  
 To take him in the purging of his Soul,~~

When



great God, I thank thee; make him wholly thine.  
Fill with remorse and penitence his heart;  
Lead him to thee thro' thine own blessed Son.  
With thee I leave him. Now my mother Go.

Scene III. The Queen's Closet.

The Room hung with arras and whole-length portraits.

HAMLET, Prince of Denmark. 65

When he is fit and season'd for his Passage? No.

Up Sword, and know thou a more horrid time,

When he is drunk, asleep, or in a rage,

Or in th' incestuous Pleasures of his Bed;

• At Gaming, Swearing, or about some Act

That has no Relish of Salvation in't.

Then trip him, that his Heels may kick at Heaven,

• And that his Soul may be as damn'd and black

~~As Hell whereto it goes!~~ My Mother stays,

This Physick ~~but~~ <sup>doth</sup> prolong thy sickly Days. [Exit.

King. My Words fly up, my Thoughts remain below,

Words without Thoughts never to Heaven go. [Exit.

Enter Queen and Polonius.

Pol. He will come straight, look you lay home to him;

Tell him, his Pranks have been too broad to bear with;

And that your Grace hath stood between

Much Heat and him. I'll <sup>silence me</sup> ~~here~~ conceal my self;

Pray you, be round with him.

Ham. <sup>within</sup>. Mother, Mother, Mother.

Queen. I warrant you; fear me not.

Withdraw, I hear him coming. [*Polonius hides behind the arras.*]

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now, Mother; what's the matter?

Queen. Hamlet, thou hast thy Father much offended!

Ham. Mother, you have my Father much offended.

Queen. Come, come, you answer with an idle Tongue;

Ham. Go, go, you question with a wicked Tongue.

Queen. Why, how now, Hamlet?

Ham. What's the matter now?

Queen. Have you forgot me?

Ham. No, ~~by the Hood~~, not so,

You are the Queen, your Husband's Brother's Wife;

And would it were not so! you are my Mother,

Queen. Nay, then, I'll set those to you that can speak,

Ham. Come, come, and sit you down, you shall not

You go not till I set you up a Glass, [budge,

Where you may see the inmost part of you.

Queen. What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murder me?

Help, help, ho!

Pol. What, ho! help!

[Behind the Arras.

Ham.

66 HAMLET, Prince of Denmark.

Ham. How now, a Rat? Dead? for a Duck, dead!  
[Kills Pol.]

Pol. O, I am slain.

Queen. O me, what hast thou done?

Ham. Nay, I know not, Is it the King?

Queen. O what a rash and bloody Deed is this!

Ham. A bloody Deed, Almost as bad, good Mother,  
As kill a King, and marry with his Brother.

Queen. As kill a King!

Ham. Ay, Lady, twas my word. —

Thou wretched, rash, intruding Fool, farewell!  
I took thee for thy better; take thy Fortune;  
Thou findst, to be too busy, is some danger. —  
Leave wringing of your Hands; peace; sit you down,  
And let me wring your Heart; for so I shall,  
If it be made of penetrable stuff,

‘ If damned Custom have not braz’d it so,  
‘ That it be Proof and Bulwark against Sense.

Queen. What have I done, that thou dar’st wag thy  
In Noise so rude against me? [Tongue]

Ham. Such an Act,

That blurs the Grace and Blush of Modesty;  
Calls Virtue Hypocrite; takes off the Rose  
From the fair Forehead of an innocent Love,  
And sets a Blister there; makes Marriage-Vows  
As false as Dicers Oaths: Oh! such a Deed!  
As from the Body of Contraction plucks  
The very Soul; and sweet Religion makes  
A Rhapsody of Words: ‘ Heaven’s Face does glow;  
‘ Yea, this Solidity and compound Mass,  
‘ With ~~beated~~ <sup>beated</sup> Visage, as against the Doom,  
‘ Is thought sick at the Act,

Queen. Ah me, what Act!

Ham. ‘ That roars so loud, and thunders in the Index;  
Look here, upon this Picture, and on this;  
The counterfeit Presentment of two Brothers —  
See what a Grace was seated on this Brow,  
~~How flowing~~ <sup>How flowing</sup> Curls, the Front of ~~some~~ <sup>some</sup> himself,  
An Eye like Mars, to threaten and command,

Scene III

The Room being hung with a





HAMLET, Prince of Denmark. 67

~~A Station like the Herald Mercury,  
New lighted on a Heaven-kissing Hill;  
A Combination, and a Form indeed,  
Where every God did seem to set his Seat,~~ *lend its aid*  
To give the World Assurance of a Man:

This was your Husband. Look you, now, what follows;  
Here is your Husband; like a mildew'd Ear,  
Blasting his wholsom Brother. Have you Eyes?  
Could you on this fair Mountain leave to feed,  
And batten on this Moor? Ha, have you Eyes?  
You cannot call it, Love; for at your Age,  
The heyday of the Blood is tame, it's humble,  
And waits upon the Judgment; and what Judgment  
Would step from this to this? Sense, sure, you have;  
Else could you not have Motion; but, sure, that Sense  
Is apoplex'd: for Madnes would not err;  
Nor Sense to Extasy was never yet so thrall'd,  
But it reserved some quantity of Choice

To serve in such a difference. ~~What Devil was't,  
That thus hath cozen'd you at hoodman-blind?  
Eyes without Feeling, Feeling without Sight,  
Ears without Hands or Eyes, Smelling fans all,  
Or but a sickly part of one true Sense,  
Could not be mope.~~ Oh Shame, where is thy Blush?  
Rebellious Hell,

If thou canst mutiny in a Matron's Bones,  
To flaming Youth let Virtue be as Wax,  
And melt in her own Fire; proclaim no Shame,  
When the compulsive Ardor gives the Charge;  
Since Frost it self as actively doth burn,  
And Reason panders Will.

*Queen.* O Hamlet, speak no more;  
Thou turn'st my very Eyes into my Soul.  
And there I see such black and grained Spots,  
As will not leave their tinct.

*Ham.* Nay, but to live  
In the ~~rank sweet~~ *rank sweet* of an incestuous Bed, —  
Stew'd in Corruption, honying, and making Love  
Over the nasty Sty.

*Queen.* O speak to me no more.

These

68 HAMLET, Prince of Denmark.

These Words, like Daggers, enter in mine Ears.  
No more, sweet Hamlet.

*Ham.* A Murderer and a Villain!  
A Slave, that's not the twentieth part the Tithes  
Of your precedent Lord; a Vice of Kings;  
A Cut-purse of the Empire and the Rule;  
That from a Shelf, the precious Diadem stole,  
And put it in his Pocket:  
A King of Shreds and Patches.

*Queen. No more.*

*Enter Ghost.*

Save me, and hover o'er me with your Wings,  
You heavenly Guards; what would your gracious Figure?

*Queen.* Alas! he's mad.

*Ham.* Do you not come your tardy Son to chide,  
That laps'd in Time and Passion, let's go by  
Th' important acting of your dread Command? O say!

*Ghost.* Do not forget; this Visitation  
Is but to whet thy almost blunted Purpose.  
But look, Amazement on thy Mother sits:  
O step between her and her fighting Soul!  
Conceit in weakest Bodies strongest works:  
Speak to her, Hamlet.

*Ham.* How is it with you, Madam?

*Queen.* Alas! how is't with you?  
That you do bend your Eye on Vacancy,  
And with th' incorporeal Air do hold Discourse?  
Forth at your Eyes your Spirits wildly peep;  
And, as the sleeping Soldiers in th' Alarm,  
Your Hair starts up and stands on end: O gentle Son!  
Upon the Heat and Flame of thy Distemper  
Sprinkle cool Patience: whereon do you look?

*Ham.* On him, on him — look you how pale he glares,  
His Form and Cause conjoin'd, preaching to Stones  
Would make them capable: do not look upon me,  
Lest with this piteous Action you convert  
My stern Effects; then what I have to do,  
Will want true Colour, Tears perchance for Blood.

*Queen.* To whom do you speak this?

*Ham.* Do you see nothing there?

*Queen.* Nothing at all, yet all that's here I see.

*Ham.*



See Gordon's Letter of J. P. Kemble, Vol. 1, p. 27.

*Ham.*

HAMLET, Prince of Denmark. 69

~~Ham.~~ Ner did you nothing hear?

~~Queen.~~ No, nothing but our selves.

~~Ham.~~ Why look you there; look how it stalks away,  
My Father in his Habit as he liv'd;  
Look where he goes, even now out at the Portal.

[Exit Ghost.]

~~Queen.~~ This is the very Coinage of your Brain,  
This bodiless Creation Extasy is very cunning in.

~~Ham.~~ My Pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time;  
And makes as healthful Musick: it is not Madnes

That I have uttered, bring me to the Test,

And I the matter will re-word; which Madnes

Cannot do. Mother, for the Love of Grace,

Lay not that flattering-unction to your Soul,

That, not your Trespas, but my Madnes speaks;

It will but skin and film the ulcerous place;

Whilst rank Corruption, mining all within,

Infects unseen: Confess yourself to Heaven;

Repent what's past; avoid what is to come;

And do not spread the Compost on the Weeds,

To make them ranker. Forgive me this my Virtue;

For in the Fatnes of these purfy Times,

Virtue it self of Vice must pardon beg.

Yea, curb and woo for leave to do him good.

~~Queen.~~ O Hamlet, thou hast cleft my Heart in twaine.

~~Ham.~~ Then throw away the worser part of it,

And live the purer with the other half.

Good-night; but go not to my Uncle's Bed;

Assume a Virtue, if you have it not.

That Monster, Custom, who all Sense doth eat,

Of Habits Devil, is Angel yet in this,

That, to the Use of Actions fair and good,

He likewise gives a Frock, or Livery,

That aptly is put on; refrain to night;

And that shall lend a kind of Easiness

To the next Abstinence; the next more easy;

For Use almost can change the Stamp of Nature,

And ~~master~~ ~~the~~ the Devil, or throw him out

With wondrous Potency. Once more, good night!

And, when you are desirous to be blest,

him hence.

73 HAMLET, Prince of Denmark.

' I'll Blessing beg of you :- For this same Lord,  
[Pointing to Pol.]

I do repent; but Heaven hath pleas'd it so, —  
 To punish me this, and this with me,  
 That I must be their Scourge and Minister.  
 I will bestow him, and will answer well  
 The Death I gave him; so again good-night.  
~~I must be cruel, only to be kind;~~  
~~Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind.~~  
 One word more, *good lady.*

*Queen.* What shall I do?

*Ham.* ' Not this by no means that I bid you do,  
 Let the ~~four~~ King tempt you to bed again,  
 ' Pinch wanton on your Cheek, call you his Mouse;  
 ' And let him for a pair of reechy Kisses,  
 ' Or padding in your Neck with his damn'd Fingers,

*Not* Make you ~~to~~ ravel all this matter out,  
 That I essentially am not in Madness,  
 But mad in Craft; ' ~~were good you let him know~~  
 ' For who that's but a Queen, fair, sober, wife,  
 ' Would from a Paddock, from a Bat, a Gib,  
 ' Such dear Concernings hide? who would do so?  
 ' No, in despite of Sense and Secrecy  
 ' Unpeg the Basket on the House's top,  
 ' Let the Birds fly, and like the famous Ape,  
 ' To try Conclusions in the Basket creep.  
 ' ~~And break your own Neck down.~~

*Queen.* Be thou assur'd, if Words be made of Breath,  
 And Breath of Life, I have no Life to breathe  
 What thou hast said to me.

*Ham.* I must to *England*; you know that.

*Queen.* Alack, I had forgot;

'Tis so concluded on,

[fellows.

*Ham.* ' ~~There's Letters seal'd, and my two School-~~  
 ' Whom I will trust as I will Adders fang'd,  
 ' They bear the Mandate; they must sweep my way,  
 ' And marshal me to Knavery: let it work,  
 ' For 'tis the Sport to have the Engineer  
 ' Hoist with his own Petard, and shall go hard  
 ' But I will delve one Yard below their Mines,

' And

I will bring those shall help to move him hence.

I must be cruel only to be kind.

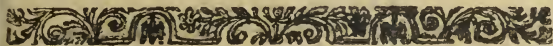
Thus bad begins, but worse remains behind.

HAMLET Prince of Denmark. 71

And blow them at the Moon: O'tis most sweet,  
 When in one Line two Crafts directly meet:  
 This Man will set me packing,  
 I'll lug the Guts into the neighbouring Room.  
 Mother, good night: this Counsellor  
 Is now most still, most secret, and most grave,  
 Who was in's life a foolish prating Knave,  
 Come, Sir, to draw toward an end with you.

[Exit Hamlet, dragging in Polonius.]

Good-night, Mother. ^



~~ACT IV.~~ SCENE IV. =

= A Royal Apartment.

Enter King and Queen, with Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

King. **T** Here's matter in these Sighs, ' these profound  
 You must ~~expound~~ <sup>understand</sup> them: [Heaves;

Where is your Son?

Queen. Bestow this place on us a little while.

[Exeunt Ros. & Guil.]

Ah, my <sup>good</sup> Lord, what have I seen to night!

King. What, Gertrude? how does Hamlet?

Queen. Mad as the Sea and Wind, when both contend  
 Which is the mightier; in his lawless Fit,  
 Behind the Arras hearing something stir,  
 Whips out his Rapier, cries a Rat, a Rat!  
 And in his brainish Apprehension, kills  
 The unseen good old Man.

King. O heavy Deed!

It had been so with us, had we been there:

- ' His Liberty is full of threats to all,
- ' To you your self, to us, to every one.
- ' Alas, how shall this bloody Deed be answer'd?
- ' It will be laid to us, whose Providence
- ' Should have <sup>restrain'd</sup> ~~restrain'd~~, and out of haunt,
- ' This mad young Man: but, so much was our Love,
- ' We would not understand what was most fit,

' But

## 72 HAMLET, Prince of Denmark.

' But like the owner of a foul Disease,  
 ' To keep it from divulging, let it feed  
 ' Even on the Pith of Life: Where is he gone?  
 Queen. ~~To see what~~ the Body he hath kill'd,  
 ' O'er his Madnes like some Ore,  
 ' Among a Mineral of Metals base  
 ' Shews it self pure; he weeps for what is done.

King. Gertrude, come away;

The Sun no sooner shall the Mountains touch,  
 But we will ship him hence; and this vile Deed  
 We must, with all our Majesty and Skill,

Enter Ros. and Guil.

Both countenance and excuse. — Ho, Guildenstern.  
 Friends both, go join with you some further Aid:  
 Hamlet, in Madnes, hath Polonius slain, ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~en~~  
 And from his Mother's Closet hath he dragg'd him:  
 Go, seek him out; speak fair, and bring the Body  
 Into the Chapel; I pray you haste in this. [Exe. Ros. & G.]  
 Come, Gertrude, we'll call up our wisest Friends,  
 And let them know, both what we mean to do,  
 And what's untimely done: For, hap'ly, Slander, —  
 ' Whose Whisper o'er the World's Diameter,  
 ' As level as the Cannon to his Blank,  
 ' Transports ~~us~~ poison'd Shot, may miss our Name,  
 ' And hit the woundless Air. O come away,  
 ' My Soul is full of Discord and Dismay. [Exeunt.

Enter Hamlet.

Ros. & Guil. Ham. Safely stow'd. [Within? Hamlet! Lord Hamlet!

Ham. What Noise? who calls Hamlet?

O, here! they come.

Ros. What have you done, my Lord, with the dead Body?

Ham. Compounded it with Dust, whereto it is a kin.

Guil. Ros. Tell us where 'tis, that we may take it thence,  
 And bear it to the Chapel.

Ham. Do not believe it.

Ros. Believe what?

Ham. That I can keep your Counsel, and not my own:  
 besides, to be demanded of a Sponge, what Replication  
 should be made by the Son of a King?

Ros. Take you me for a Sponge, My Lord?

Ham.

I must be conel only to  
 Thus bad begins, but we



Scene V. Another Room.

Scene VI. Another Room.

HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.* 73

*Ham.* Ay, Sir, that soaks up the King's Countenance, his Rewards, his Authorities: But such Officers do the King best service in the end; ~~he keeps them like an Apple in the corner of his Jaw, first mouth'd to be last swallow'd;~~ when he needs what you have gleaned, it is but squeezing you, and, sponge, you shall be dry again.

*Rof.* I understand you not, my Lord.

*Ham.* I am glad of it: a knavish Speech sleeps in a foolish Ear.

*Rof.* My Lord, you must tell us where the Body is, and go with us to the King.

~~*Ham.* The Body is with the King, but the King is not with the Body: the King is a thing.~~

~~*Guil.* A thing, my Lord?~~

*Ham.* ~~Of nothing;~~ bring me to him. [Exeunt.

*Enter King and Gentlemen.*

*King.* I have sent to seek him, and to find the Body—  
How dangerous is it, that this Man goes loose?  
Yet must we not put the strong Law upon him:  
He's lov'd of the distracted Multitude,  
Who like not in their Judgment, but their Eyes;  
And, where 'tis so, th' Offender's Scourge is weigh'd,  
But never the Offence. To bear all smooth and even,  
This sudden sending him away must seem  
Deliberate Pause: Diseases, desperate grown,  
By desperate Appliance are reliev'd,  
Or not at all.

*Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*

*King.* How now? what hath befallen?

*Rof.* Where the dead Body is bestow'd, my Lord,  
We cannot get from him.

*King.* But where is he?

*Rof.* Without, my Lord, guarded, <sup>your</sup> to know ~~it~~ <sup>[sure]</sup> plea-

*King.* Bring him before us.

*Rof.* Ho, bring in <sup>Guildenstern</sup> the Lord Hamlet.

*Enter Hamlet and Guards.*

*King.* Now Hamlet, where's Polonius?

~~*Ham.* At Supper.~~

~~*King.* At Supper! where?~~

74 HAMLET, Prince of Denmark.

*Ham.* Not where he eats, but where he is eaten; a certain Convocation of politick Worms are e'en at him; Your Worm is your only Emperor for Diet. We fat all Creatures else to fat us, and we fat ourselves for Maggots: your fat King and your lean Beggar is but variable Service; two Dishes but to one Table, that's the end.

*King.* Alas! alas!

*Ham.* A Man may fish with the Worm that hath eat of a King, eat of the Fish that hath fed of that Worm.

*King.* What dost thou mean by this!

*Ham.* Nothing but to shew you how a King may go a Progress thro' the Guts of a Beggar.

*King.* Where is Polonius?

*Ham.* In Heaven; send thither to see: if your Messenger find him not there, seek him i'th' other place your self; but indeed if you find him not within this Month, you shall not see him ~~as you go up Stairs into~~ the Lobby.

*King.* Go seek him there.

*Ham.* He will stay till you come.

*King.* Hamlet, this Deed, for thine especial Safety,

• Which we do tender, as we dearly grieve  
• For that which thou hast done, must send thee hence  
with speed, quicken.

• The Bark is ready, and the Wind sits fair, at help,

• Th' Associates tend, and every thing is bent  
For England.

*Ham.* For England?

*King.* Ay, Hamlet.

*Ham.* Good.

*King.* So it is, if thou knew'st our Purposes.

*Ham.* I see a ~~Cherub~~ <sup>seraph</sup> that sees them: but, come, for Farewel, dear Mother. [England.]

*King.* Thy loving Father, Hamlet.

*Ham.* My Mother; Father and Mother is Man and Wife; Man and Wife is one Fleth; and so, my Mother. Farewel Come, for England! — [Exit. [Mother,

*King.* Follow him at foot;

Tempt him with speed aboard;

• Delay it not; I'll have him hence to-night :

Away

Scene VI. Another

*Ham.*



Ham. (Coming forward) Hail, Valiant Fortinbras, in me behold  
The miserable man who should be Hamlet.

For. Hail, noble Hamlet; Fame has told abroad  
Of all thy graces and thy nobleness.

Ham. Does Fortinbras expend his wealth, his men,  
In enterprize like this? Alas! to see

The imminent He. p. 76.

For. Can Hamlet show him a more worthy cause?  
The army and their leader both are his.

Ham. Does Fortinbras the fell usurper hate?

Does Fortinbras detest the fratricide?

Does Fortinbras abhor adulterous incest?

For. Does Hamlet ask of Fortinbras such questions?

Ham. He ask it but to answer it himself.

He knows thou dost, and he requests thy aid

### Scene VIII. A Plain in Denmark.

Enter Captain with an Army. Hamlet, Rosen.

He. meet them.

To hunt the fell usurper from the throne,  
To bring a father's murderer to justice,  
From incest and adultery, cleanse his bed,  
And give the crown unto the rightful heir.

For. In such a cause who would not pledge himself?

Ham. I will avouch the truth on't to thy mind.

Tent by the king, I now am bound for England;  
But I will find the means of my return,  
And join you here again, when we together  
With well concert the means we should employ  
The best to bring about the great design.

ist intent.

Away; for every thing is seal'd and done,  
 ' That else leans on the Affair; pray you make haste. [Ex. R.  
 And, England, if my Love thou hold'st at ought, <sup>29.</sup>  
 ' (As my great Power there may give thee Sense;  
 ' Since, yet, thy Cicatrice looks raw and red  
 ' After the Danish Sword, and thy free Awe  
 ' Pays homage to us,) thou may'st not coldly set  
 ' Our Sovereign Procefs; which imports at full,  
 ' By Letters conjuring to that effect,  
 The present Death of Hamlet, ' Do it, England,  
 ' For, like the Hectick in my Blood, he rages,  
 ' And thou must cure me; till I know 'tis done,  
 ' How e'er my haps, my Joys, <sup>and</sup> <sup>not</sup> <sup>begin</sup> <sup>again</sup> [Exit.  
 ' Enter Fortinbras with his Army over the Stage.  
 ' For. Go, Captain, from me greet the Danish King.  
 ' Tell him, that, by his Licence, Fortinbras  
 ' Claims the Conveyance of a promis'd March  
 ' Over his Kingdom; You know the Rendezvous:  
 ' If that his Majesty would ought with us,  
 ' We shall exprefs our Duty in his Eye;  
 ' And let him know so.  
 ' Capt. I will do't, my Lord,  
 ' For. Go softly on.

ll make.

return. [Exit Ham.

2

p. 77.

[Exit For. See Proce. etc.]

1

Enter Hamlet, Rosengrantz, &c.  
 Ham. Good Sir, whose Powers are these?  
 ' Capt. They are of Norway, Sir.  
 Ham. How purpos'd, Sir, I pray you?  
 ' Capt. Against some part of Poland.  
 ' Ham. Who commands them, Sir?  
 ' Capt. The Nephew of old Norway, Fortinbras.  
 ' Ham. Goes it against the Main of Poland, Sir,  
 Or ~~against~~ some Frontier?  
 ' Capt. Truly to speak, <sup>yes</sup> and with no Addition,  
 ' We go to gain a little Patch of Ground,  
 ' That hath in it no Profit but the Name—  
 ' To pay five Ducats, five, I would not farm it;  
 ' Nor will it yield to Norway, or the Pole,  
 ' A ranker Rate, should it be sold in fee.  
 ' Ham. Why, then, the Pollack never will defend it.  
 ' Capt. ~~Yes~~ It is already garrison'd.  
 yes, D 2 ' Ham.

Ham. (coming forward) Hail, V  
 The miserable man who  
For. Hail, noble Hamlet,  
 of all thy graces and thy  
Ham. Does Fortinbras expect  
 In enterprise like this?  
 The imminent Ye. p. 76.

For. Can Hamlet show him  
 The army and their lead  
Ham. Does Fortinbras the  
 Does Fortinbras detest the  
 Does Fortinbras abhor ad  
For. Does Hamlet ask of  
Ham. He ask it but to  
 He knows thou dost, and

Scene VII. A.

Enter Captain with a  
 Ye. meet them.

To mark the fell usurper for  
 To bring a father's murder  
 from incest and adultery  
 And give the crown unto  
For. For such a cause wh

histo  
 come in  
 opposite  
 p. 75

76 HAMLET, Prince of Denmark.

' Ham. Two thousand Souls, and 20000 Ducats  
 ' Will not debate the Question of this straw;  
 ' This is the Imposthume of much Wealth and Peace;  
 ' That inward breaks, and shews no cause without  
 ' Why the Man dies. I humbly thank you, Sir.  
 ' Capt. God be w' you, Sir.  
 ' Ros. Will't please you go, my Lord?  
 ' Ham. I'll be with you straight; go a little before.

[Exit.

' How all Occasions do inform against me,  
 ' And spur my ~~capable justice~~ What is a Man,  
 ' If his chief Good, and Market of his time,  
 ' Be but to sleep and feed? a Beast, no more.  
 ' Sure, he, that made us with such large Discourse,  
 ' Looking before, and after, gave us not  
 ' That Capability and God-like Reason  
 ' To fust in us unus'd: Now, whether it be  
 ' Bestial Oblivion, or some craven Scruple  
 ' Of thinking too precisely on th' Event, —  
 ' A Thought, which, quarter'd, hath but one part Wisdom,  
 ' And, ever, three parts Coward; I do not know  
 ' Why yef I live to say This thing's to do,  
 ' Sith I have Cause, and Will, and Strength, and Means  
 ' To do't. Examples, gross as Earth, exhort me;  
 ' Witness this Army of such Mass and Charge,  
 ' Led by a delicate and tender Prince,  
 ' Whose Spirit with ~~the same~~ Ambition puffed,  
 ' Makes mouths at the invisible Event;  
 ' Expofing what is mortal and unsure  
 ' To all that ~~fortune~~ Death and Danger dare,  
 ' Even for an Egg shell. ~~Is not~~ <sup>Is not</sup> to be great,  
 ' To ~~Not~~ to stir without great Argument?  
 ' ~~But~~ <sup>But</sup> greatly to find Quarrel in a Draw,  
 ' When Honour's at the stake. How stand I, then,  
 ' That have a Father kill'd, a Mother stain'd,  
 ' Excitements of my Reason and my Blood,  
 ' And let all sleep, while, to my shame, I see  
 ' The imminent Death of twenty thousand Men,  
 ' That, for a Phantasy and Trick of Fame,  
 ' Go to their Graves like Beds; fight for a Plot  
 ' Whereon the Numbers cannot try the Cause,

{ Which

Ham. I will avouch the  
 Text by the king, I now am bound for England;  
 But I will find the means of my return,  
 And join you here again, when we together  
 will well concert the means we should employ,  
 The best to bring about the great design.



Farewell,

And heaven will prosper all our just intents.

For. Farewell.

The embrace of brotherhood we'll make.

In Denmark will I carry thy return. [Exit Ham.

For. O, that I were the wind that blows  
To scatter all the seeds of discord  
To right the injured, to return the wrong, and  
To give to thousands happiness and peace.  
These are the objects of a patriot's mind.  
Yes, Hamlet, I'll be true, I'll be true,  
And thou shalt see the Norway King  
Knewest well, I'll substitute the rights of heaven

*Act IV.*

*Scene I. Elsinor. A room in the Palace.*

HAMLET, Prince of Denmark. 77

Which is not Tomb enough, and Continent,  
 To hide the Slain? O from this time forth,  
 My Thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth! *[Exit. [Retires*

*Enter Queen, Horatio, and a Gentleman. [Enter Fortinbras*

*Queen.* I will not speak with her.  
~~She is impertunate;~~  
 Indeed, distracted, ~~and deserves your pity.~~ *Her mood will needs be*

*Queen.* What would she have?  
~~She speaks much of her Father; says, she hears~~  
 There's Tricks i'th' World; and hems, and beats her Heart;  
 Spurns enviously at Straws; speaks things in doubt,  
 That carry but half Sense; her Speech is nothing;  
 Yet the unshaped Use of it doth move  
 The Hearers to Collection; ' they aim at it,  
 And botch the Words up fit to their own Thoughts;  
 Which, as her Winks, and Nods, and Gestures yield them,  
 ' Indeed would make one think there might be Thought,  
 Tho' nothing sure, yet much unhappily.

*Hor.* 'Twere good she were spoken with, for she may  
 strew

Dangerous Conjectures in ill-breeding Minds.  
 Let her come in. *[Exit Hor.*

*Enter Ophelia.*

*Queen.* To my sick Soul, as Sin's true Nature is,  
 Each Toy seems Prologue to some great amiss;  
 So full of artless Jealousy is Guilt,  
 It spills itself in fearing to be spilt. *[Horatio with*

*Opb.* Where is the beauteous Majesty of Denmark?  
*Queen.* How now, Ophelia?  
*Opb.* How should I your true Love know *[She sings.*

By his cockle Hat and Staff, *And by his Sandal Shoon.*

*Queen.* Alas, sweet Lady, what imports this Song?

*Opb.* Say you? nay, pray you, mark:  
 He is dead and gone, Lady, *He is dead and gone;* *[Sings.*  
 At his Head a Grass-green Turf, *At his Heels a Stone,*

*Queen.* Nay, but, Ophelia, —

*Opb.* Pray you, mark.

*the meads,  
 grove,  
 Yes music's note,  
 of love.*

*their course,  
 ided pair,  
 are's force  
 are.  
 , with we obey,  
 betide, —  
 is Valentine's day,  
 ing bride.*

## 78 HAMLET, Prince of Denmark.

White his Shroud as the Mountain Snow,  
Larded all with sweet Flowers;  
Which, bewept, to the Ground did go,  
With true-Love-Showers.

Enter King.

Queen. Alas, look here, my Lord.

King. How do you, pretty Lady?

Oph. Well, good didd you, they say the Owl was a  
Baker's Daughter; we know what we are, but know  
not what we may be.

King. Conceit upon her Father.

Oph. Pray let's have no words of this; but when they  
ask you what it means, say you this:

To-morrow is St. Valentine's Day,  
~~And, ere the sun doth shine,~~ [Sings.  
~~Under my window shall~~  
~~your Valentine lay~~  
And be your Valentine.

King. Pretty Ophelia!

Oph. Indeed without an Oath, I'll make an end on't. 2

~~Then up he rose, and don'd his Clothes, and open'd his  
Chamber-Door;~~

~~Let in the Maid, that out a Maid never departed more.~~

~~' By Gis and by Saint Charity,~~

~~' Alack and fy for shame,~~

~~' Young Men will do't if they come to't;~~

~~' By cock they are to blame. [wee].~~

~~' Quoth she, Before you tumbled me, you promis'd me to~~

~~' (He answers) So should I have done, by yonder Sun,~~

~~' And thou hadst not come to my Bed.~~

King. How long hath she been thus?

Oph. I hope all will be well, We must be patient: but  
I cannot chuse but weep, to think they would lay him  
i'th' cold Ground; my Brother shall know of it; and, so,  
I thank you for your good Counsel ———

Come, my Coach, good-night, Ladies; good-night,

Sweet Ladies; good-night, good-night. [Exit.

King. Follow her cloie, give her good watch, I pray you:

O this is the Poison of deep Grief; it springs [Exit Hor.

All from her Father's Death. O Gertrude, Gertrude,

' When Sorrows come, they come not single Spies,

' But

Act IV

Scene I. Elsinour.

1 Its fancy leads, we'll walk the meads,  
Or seek the budding grove,  
While every throat breathes music's note,  
We'll heed the voice of love.

2 And, as the seasons take their course,  
We'll mark each wedded pair,  
And bless maternal Nature's force  
To tend their infant care.

Pleas'd with their lag, will we obey,  
And — no mischance betide, —  
Again, ere we say it is Valentine's day,  
Will I be your true loving bride.



• But in Battalions! First, her Father slain;  
 • Next, your Son gone; and he most violent Author  
 • Of his own just Remove; the People muddied,  
 • Thick and unwholsom in their Thoughts and Whispers  
 • For good *Polonius*' Death; and we have done but greenly,  
 • Obscurely to inter him; poor *Ophelia*  
 • Divided from her self and her fair Judgment;  
 • Without which we are but Pictures, or mere Beasts.  
 • Last, and as much containing as all there,  
 • Her Brother is, in secret, come from *France*;  
 • Feeds on this Wonder, keeps himself in Clouds;  
 • And wants not ~~whispers~~ <sup>rumors</sup> to infect his Ear  
 • With pestilent Speeches of his Father's Death;  
 • Wherein necessity, of matter beggar'd,  
 • Will nothing stick our Persons to arraign  
 • In ear and ear. O, my dear *Gertrude*, this,  
 • Like to a murdering piece, in many places  
 • Gives me superfluous Death! [A Noise within:

Enter Gentleman.

*Queen*. Alack, what Noise is this? [door.

*King*. Where are my *Switzers*? let them guard the:  
 What is the matter?

*Gent.* Save your self, my Lord.  
 • The Ocean over-peering of his List,  
 • Eats not the Flats with more impetuous haste,  
 • Than' young *Laertes*, in a riotous head,  
 O'er-bears your Officers! The Rabble call him, Lord:  
 • And, as the World were now but to begin,  
 • Antiquity forgot, Custom not known,  
 • The Ratifiers and Props of every ward,  
 • They cry, Chuse we *Laertes* for our King!  
 Caps, Hands, and Tongues applaud it to the Clouds,  
*Laertes shall be King, Laertes King!*

*Queen.* How chearfully on the false Trail they cry!  
 O, this is counter, you false *Danish* Dogs!

*King.* The Doors are broke.

*Laer. within.* Where is the King? Sirs, stand you all  
 without.

*All.* No, let's come in.

30 HAMLET, Prince of Denmark.

*Laer.* I pray you, give me leave.

*All.* We will, we will.

*Laer.* I thank you; keep the Door. —

*Enter Laertes.*

O, thou vile King, give me my Father.

*Queen.* Calmly, good *Laertes*.

[*Bassard,*

~~*Laer.* That drop of Blood that's calm, proclaims me  
Cries Cuckold to my Father, brands the Harlot.  
Even here between the chaste unsmitted Brows  
Of my true Mother.~~

*King.* What is the Cause, *Laertes*,  
That thy Rebellion looks so Giant-like? —

Let him go, *Gertrude*; do not fear our Person;

There's such <sup>revenge</sup> ~~Dignity~~ doth hedge a King,

That Treason <sup>cannot reach</sup> ~~dares not reach~~ at what it would,

'Acts little of his Will. Tell me, *Laertes*,

'Why thou art thus incens'd?' let him go, *Gertrude*.

Speak, Man.

*Laer.* Where is my Father?

*King.* Dead.

*Queen.* But not by him.

*King.* Let him demand his fill.

~~*Laer.* How came he dead? I'll not be juggled with;  
To Hell Allegiance. Vows to the blackest Devil,  
'Conscience and Grace to the profoundest Pit,  
'I dare Damnation.' To this point I stand,  
That both the Worlds I give to Negligence,  
Let come what will, only I'll be reveng'd  
Most throughly for my Father.~~

*King.* Who shall stay you?

*Laer.* My Will, not all the World:

And for my Means, I'll husband them so well,

~~They shall go far with little.~~

*King.* Will you in revenge of your  
Dear Father's Death, destroy both Friend and Foe?

*Laer.* None but his Enemies.

*King.* Will you know them, then?

*Laer.* To his good Friends, thus wide, I'll ope my Arms;  
And, like the kind Life-rendering Pelican,  
Re<sup>past</sup> them with my Blood.

*King*







HAMLET; Prince of Denmark. 81

King. Why, now you speak  
Like a good Child, and a true Gentleman.  
That I am guiltless of your Father's Death,  
And am most sensibly in Grief for it,  
It shall as level to your Judgment <sup>'pear</sup>  
As Day does to your eye.

Within. O poor Ophelia.

Laer. Let her come in.

Enter Ophelia.

~~How now? what Noise is that?~~

~~O Heat, dry up my Brains; Tears seven times salt,~~

~~Burn out the Sense and Virtue of mine eye.~~

~~By Heaven, thy Madness shall be paid with weight,~~

~~Fill our Scale turn the Beam. O Rose of May!~~

Dear Maid! kind Sister, sweet Ophelia!

O Heavens! is't possible a young Maid's Wits

Should be as mortal as a ~~fish~~ Man's Life!

Oph. They bore him barefac'd on the Bier; [Sings,

And in his Grave rain'd many a Tear; —

Fare you well, my Dove!

Laer. Hadst thou thy Wits, and didst persuade Revenge,  
It could not move thus.

Oph. You must sing a-down, a-down,

And you call him a-down-a. O, how the Wheel becomes it!

It is the false Steward, that stole his Master's Daughter.

Laer. This nothing is ~~much~~ more than matter.

Oph. There's Rosemary, that's for Remembrance;  
pray you, Love, remember: and there's Pansies, that's  
for Thoughts.

Laer. A Document in Madness; Thoughts and Re-  
membrance fitted.

Oph. There's Fennel for you, and Columbines; there's  
Rue for you; and here's some for me; we may call it  
Herb of Grace o' Sundays; O you may wear your Rue  
with a difference. — There's a Daisy: I would give you  
some Violets; but they wither'd all, when my Father died: —  
they say he made a good end, —

For bonny sweet Robin is all my Joy. ~~death~~ [Sings.

Laer. Thought, and Affliction, Passion, ~~Hell~~ it self,  
She turns to Favour and to Prettiness.

82 HAMLET, Prince of Denmark.

Oph. And will he not come again?  
 And will he not come again?  
 No, no, he is dead, ~~Go~~ to thy Death-Bed,  
 He never will come again.  
 His Beard was as white as Snow;  
 All flaxen was his Poll;  
 He is gone, he is gone, ~~And we cast away moan;~~  
 And peace be with his Soul! ~~And with all~~ <sup>Go, she</sup> Souls. <sup>in</sup>  
 [Exit.]

King. Laertes, I must ~~share~~ <sup>commune with</sup> in your Grief,  
 Or you deny my Right: ~~Go~~ but apart.  
 Make choice of whom, your wisest Friends, you will,  
 And they shall hear and judge 'twixt you and me;  
 If, by direct or by collateral Hand,  
 They find us touch'd, we will our Kingdom give,  
 Our Crown, our Life, and all that we call ours,  
 To you in Satisfaction: but, if not,  
 Be you content to lend your Patience to us,  
 And we shall jointly labour with your Soul,  
 To give it due content.

Laer. Let this be so.  
 His Means of Death, his obscure Funeral, —  
 No Trophy, Sword, or Hatchment o'er his Bones,  
 No noble Rite, nor formal Ostentation, —  
 Cry to be heard as 'twere from Earth to Heaven,  
 That I must call in question.

King. So you shall;  
 And where th' Offence is, let the great Ax fall —  
 I pray you go with me. [Exit.]

Enter Horatio and Gentlemen.

Hor. What are they, that would speak with me?

Gen. ~~Securing~~ <sup>Securing</sup> Men, Sir; they say they have Letters  
 for you.

Hor. Let them come in:

I do not know from what part of the World  
 I should be greeted, if not from Lord Hamlet.

Enter two Sailors.

1. Sail. Save you, Sir.

2. Sail.

Scene II. Another Room.

Scene III. Another Room.

HAMLET, Prince of Denmark. 83.

2. Sail. ~~Here's~~ Letters for you, ' Sir; <sup>it</sup> they comes from the Ambassador that was bound for England; if your Name be Horatio, as <sup>let to know</sup> we are inform'd it is.

Hor. (reads the Letter.)

Horatio, when thou shalt have over-looked this, give these Fellows some means to the King, they have Letters for him. Ere we were two days old at Sea, a Pirate of very warlike appointment gave us chase. Finding our selves too slow of sail, we put on ~~a~~ compell'd Valour; and, in the Grapple, I board'd them: on the instant, they got clear of our Ship; ~~and~~ so I alone became their Prisoner. They have dealt with me like Thieves of Mercy; but they knew what they did; I am to do a good turn for them. Let the King have the Letters, I have sent, and repair thou to me with as much <sup>good</sup> speed as thou wouldst fly Death. I have words to speak in thine ear will make thee dumb; yet are they much too light for the matter. These good Fellows will bring thee where I am. Rosen-~~crantz~~ and Guildenstern hold their Course for England; of them I have much to tell thee. Farewel. <sup>He that thou knowest</sup> Hamlet. <sup>thine,</sup>

Come, I will <sup>give</sup> ~~make~~ you way for these your Letters; And do't the speedier, that you may direct me To him from whom you brought them. [Exeunt.]

Enter King and Laertes.

King. Now must your Conscience my Acquittance seal,<sup>1</sup> And you must put me in your Heart for Friend, ~~Since~~ you have heard, and with a knowing Ear, That he, who hath your noble Father slain, Pursu'd my Life.

Laer. It well appears: but tell me, Why you proceeded not against these ~~Crimes~~ <sup>feats</sup> So <sup>capital</sup> in Nature,<sup>2</sup>  
 • As, by your Safety, Greatness, Wisdom, all things else,  
 • You mainly were stirr'd up.

King. For two special Reasons, Which may, perhaps, to you, seem weak, But yet to me they're strong: the Queen, his Mother, Lives almost by his Looks; and for my self, (My Virtue, or my Plague, be it either <sup>which,</sup>) She is so <sup>precious</sup> to my Life and Soul.

*conjunctive*

That

84 HAMLET, Prince of Denmark.

That as <sup>the</sup> Star moves not but in his Sphere,  
 I could not but by her. The other Motive,  
 Why to a publick Count I might not go,  
 Is, the great Love the <sup>gentle</sup> ~~People~~ <sup>people</sup> bear him,  
 Who, dipping all his Faults in their Affection,  
 Would like the Spring that turneth Wood to Stone,  
 Convert his Gyves to Graces, so that my Arrows  
 • Too slightly timber'd for so loud a Wind,  
 • Would have reverted to my Bow again,  
 • And not where I had aim'd them.

*Laer.* And, so, I have a noble Father lost;  
 A Sister driven into desperate Terms;  
 Whose Worth, if Praises may go back again,  
 Stood Challenger on the Mount of all the Age  
 For her Perfections: but my Revenge will come.

*King.* Break not your Sleep for that, you must not think  
 That we are made of Stuff so flat and dull,  
 That we can let our Beard be shook with Danger,  
 And think it pastime: you shortly shall hear more.  
 I lov'd your Father, and we love our self;  
 • And that, I hope, will teach you to imagine, —

*Enter a Messenger.*

• How now! what News?

*Mess.* Letters, my Lord, from Hamlet. • These to  
 your Majesty: This to the Queen.

*King.* From Hamlet? who brought them?

*Mess.* Sailors, my Lord, they say; I saw them not;  
 They were given me by *Claudio*, he receiv'd them  
 Of him that brought them.

*King.* *Laertes*, you shall hear them: leave us. [*Ex. Mess.*  
*High and Mighty, you shall know I am set naked on your  
 Kingdom. To morrow shall I beg leave to see your kingly  
 Eyes: when I shall, first, asking your pardon, thereunto  
 recount the Occasion of my sudden and most strange Re-  
 turn.* Hamlet.

What should this mean? are all the rest come back?

Or is it some Abuse, and no such thing?

*Laer.* Know you the Hand?

*King.* 'Tis Hamlet's Character. Naked! —  
 And in a Postscript here, he says, alone:







Can you advise me?

*Laer.* I'm lost in it, my Lord; but let him come,  
It warms the very Sickness of my Heart,  
That I shall live, and tell him to his teeth,  
Thus didst thou.

*King.* If it be so, *Laertes*,  
As how should it be so? — how otherwise? —  
Will you be rul'd by me?

*Laer.* Ay, my Lord, so you will not o'er-rule me to a  
Peace.

*King.* To thine own Peace. — If he be now return'd, —  
As ~~king~~ <sup>king</sup> ~~at~~ his Voyage, and that he means  
No more to undertake it, I will work him  
To an Exploit, now ripe in my Device,  
Under the which he shall not choose but fall;  
And for his Death no Wind of Blame shall breathe;  
But even his Mother shall uncharge the Practice,  
And call it Accident.

*Laer.* My Lord, I will be rul'd;  
The rather if you would devise it so,  
That I might be the Instrument. *organ.*

*King.* It falls right:  
You have been talk'd of, since your travel, much,  
And that in *Hamlet's* hearing, for a Quality  
Wherein, they say, you shine; your Sum of Parts  
' Did not together pluck such Envy from him,  
' As did that one, and that, in my regard,  
' Of the unworthiest Siege.

*Laer.* What part is that, my Lord?

*King.* A very ~~Feather~~ <sup>suband</sup> in the Cap of Youth,  
Yet needful too; ' for Youth no less becomes  
' The light and careless Livery that it wears,  
' Than settled Age his Sables, and his Weeds,  
' Importing Health and Graveness.' Two months since  
Here was a Gentleman of *Normandy*, —  
I've seen my self, and serv'd against, the *French*,  
And they can well on Horseback: but this Gallant  
Had Witchcraft in't; he grew unto his Seat;  
And to such wondrous doing brought his Horse,  
As he had been incorp'd and demi-natur'd

With the brave Beast : so far he topt my Thought,  
That I, in Forgery of Shapes and Tricks,  
Came short of what he did.

*Laer.* A Norman, was't ?

*King.* A Norman.

*Laer.* Upon my life, Lamound.

*King.* The very same.

*Laer.* I know him well; he is indeed, <sup>the brooch,</sup>

The Gem of all the Nation.

*King.* He made confession of you;  
And gave you such a masterly Report  
For Art and Exercise in your Defence,  
And for your Rapier most especially,  
That he cry'd out, 'twould be a fight indeed,  
If one could match you: The <sup>with new</sup> Fencers of their Nation  
He ~~wore~~ <sup>did</sup> had neither Motion, Guard, nor Eye,  
If you oppos'd them. Sir, this Report of his  
Did Hamlet so envenom with his Envy,  
That he could nothing do, but wish and beg  
Your sudden coming o'er, to play with him.  
Now, out of this, ———

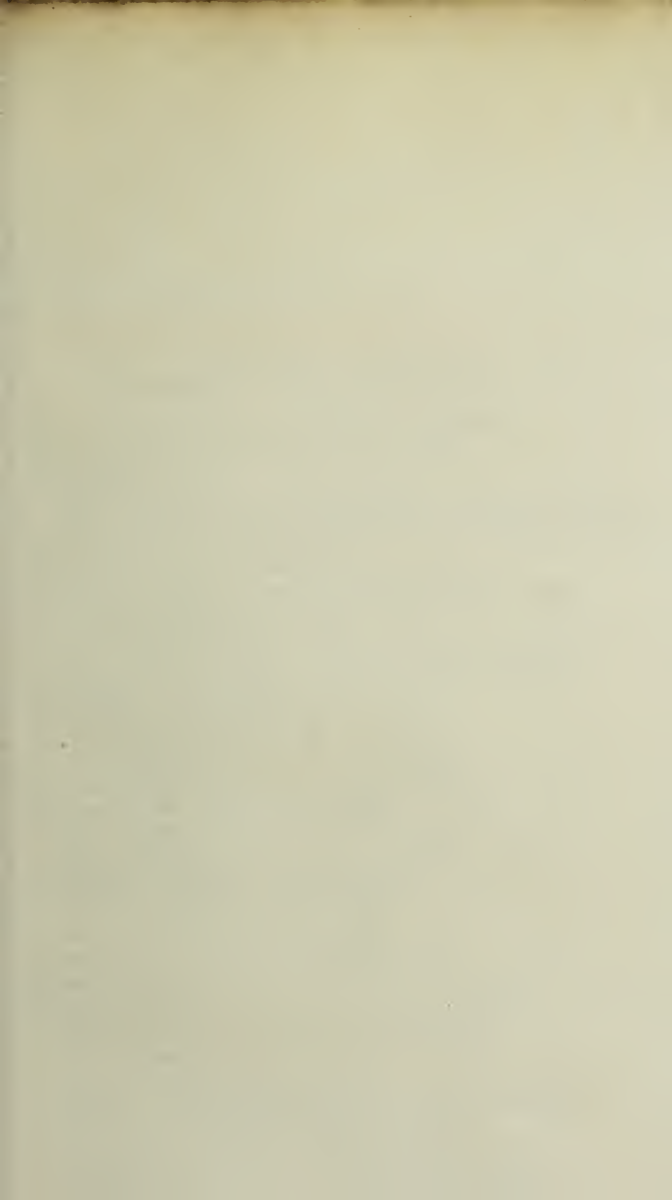
*Laer.* What out of this, my-Lord ?

*King.* Laertes, was your Father dear to you ?  
Or are you like the Painting of a Sorrow,  
A Face without a Heart ?

*Laer.* Why ask you this ?

*King.* Not that I think you did not love your Father,  
• But that I know, Love is begun by Time,  
• And that I see, in Passages of Proof,  
• Time qualifies the Spark and Fire of it—  
• There lives within the very Flame of Love  
• A kind of Wick, or Snuff that will abate it;  
• And nothing is at a like Goodness still;  
• For Goodness, growing to a Pleurisy,  
• Dies in his own too-much : what we would do,  
• We should do when we would ; for this *would* changes,  
• And hath Abatements and Delays as many,  
• As there are Tongues, are Hands, are Accidents ;  
• And, then, this *should* is like a spend-thrift Sigh,  
• That hurts by easing.' But, to the business,

*Hamlet.*





*Hamlet* comes back; what would you undertake  
To shew your self indeed your Father's Son  
More than in words?

*Laer.* To cut his Throat i'th<sup>e</sup> Church.

*King.* No place, indeed, should ~~protect~~ a Murderer, *Sanctuar;*  
Revenge should have no bounds: but, good *Laertes,* *ize;*  
Keep close within your Chamber;

*Hamlet,* return'd, shall know you are come home,  
We'll put on those shall praise your Excellence,  
And set a double Varnish on the Fame  
The *Frenchman* gave you; bring you, in fine, together,  
And wager ~~on~~ your Heads: he, being remiss,  
Most generous, and free from all contriving,  
Will not peruse the Foils; So that, with ease,  
Or with a little shuffling, you may choose  
A Sword unbated, and, 'in a pass of practice',  
Requite him for your Father's Death.

*Laer.* I will do't:

And for the purpose, I'll anoint my Sword:  
I bought an Unction of a Mountebank,  
So mortal, that, but dip a Knife in it,  
Where it draws Blood, no Cataplasm so rare,  
Collected from all Simples that have Virtue  
Under the Moon, can save the thing from Death:  
That is but scratch'd withal: I'll touch my Point  
With this Contagion; that, if I gall him slightly,  
It may be Death.

*King.* Let's further think of this;

• Weigh, what Convenience, both of Time and Means,  
• May fit us to our Shape. If this should fail,  
• And that our Drift look thro' our bad Performance,  
• 'Twere better not essay'd. Therefore this project  
• Should have a Back or Second that might hold.  
• If this should blast in proof: Soft;— let me see:—  
• We'll make a solemn Wager on your Cunnings;—  
I have't; when, in your Motion, you are hot and dry,  
(As make your Bouts more violent to that end,)  
And that he calls for Drink, I'll have present him  
A Chalice for the <sup>none</sup> purpose; whereon but ~~tasting~~,  
*Sizy*

88 HAMLET, Prince of Denmark.

If he by chance escape your ~~the~~ venom'd Sword,  
~~It shall be Death.~~ But, stay, what noise?

*Our purpose may hold there.*

*Enter Queen.*

*How now, sweet Queen?*

Queen. One Woe doth tread upon another's heel,  
 So fast they follow: your Sister's drown'd, Laertes.

Laer. Drown'd! O where?

Queen, There is a Willow growing <sup>ascant the</sup> ~~over~~ a Brook,  
 That shews his hoary Leaves in the glassy Stream;

*Therewith*

~~Near which fantastick Garlands she did make  
 Of Crow-flowers, Nettles, Daisies, and long Purples,~~

~~That liberal Shepherds give a grosser Name,~~

~~But our cold Maids do dead Mens Fingers call them.~~

*And,*

~~There~~ on the pendent Boughs her Coronet-weeds

Clambering to hang, an envious Shiver broke;

When, down, her weedy Trophies and her self

Fell in the weeping Brook: ' her Clothes spread wide;

' And, Mermaid-like, awhile they bore her up, <sup>tunes;</sup>

' Which time, she chanted Remnants of old ~~Lauds,~~

' As one incapable of her own Distress,

' Or like a Creature native and endued

' Unto that Element: but, long it could not be,

' Till that her Garments, heavy with their Drink,

' Pull'd the <sup>now wretch</sup> gentle Maid from her melodious Lay

' To muddy Death.

Laer. Alas, then! is she drown'd!

Queen. Drown'd, drown'd.

Laer. Too much of Water hast thou, poor Ophelia;

And, therefore, I forbid my Tears: but, yet,

' It is our trick; ' Nature her Custom holds,

Let Shame say what it will: ' when these are gone,

' The Woman will be out.' Adieu, my Lord!

I have a <sup>touch of</sup> Fire, that fain would blaze,

But that this Folly drowns it.

[Exit.]

King. Let's follow, Gertrude;

How much had I to do to calm his Rage!

Now I fear, this will give it start again;

Therefore, let's follow.

[Recount.]

ACT





+ I am clearly of opinion that this scene is not proper  
for representation: but it is, with much curtailment,  
here retained for the closet.



ACT V. SCENE I. <sup>+</sup>  
*Church yard.*

Enter two Grave-diggers.

1 Grav. ~~Is she to be buried in Christian Burial, when she wilfully seeks her own Salvation?~~

2 Grav. I tell thee she is, therefore make her Grave straight; the Crowner hath set on her, and finds it Christian Burial.

1 Grav. How can that be, unless she drown'd herself in her own Defence?

2 Grav. Why 'tis found so.

1 Grav. It must be *se offendendo*, it cannot be else: for here lies the point, if I drown my self wittingly, it argues an Act; and an Act hath three Branches, it is to act, to do, and to perform; argal, she drown'd herself wittingly.

2 Grav. Nay, but hear, you Goodman Delver.

1 Grav. Give me leave; here lies the Water, good; here stands the Man, good; if the Man go to this Water, and drown himself, it is will he, nil he; he goes, mark you that: but if the Water come to him and drown him, he drowns not himself; argal, he that is not guilty of his own Death, shortens not his own Life.

2 Grav. But is this Law?

1 Grav. Ay marry is't, Crowner's Quest-Law.

2 Grav. Will you have the truth on't? if this had not been a Gentlewoman, she should have been buried without Christian Burial.

1 Grav. Why there thou say'st; and the more pity that great Folk should have countenance in this World to drown or hang themselves more than we! Come, my Spade, there is no antient Gentlemen but Gardeners, Ditchers, and Grave-diggers; they hold up Adam's Profession.

2 Grav. Was he a Gentleman?

1 Grav. He was the first that ever bore Arms.

2 Grav. Why, he had none.

1 Grav;

in acting as well as in the time did the like to amuse who play'd this Char. in Shakespeares time did the like to amuse the galleries, & that the practice has been faithfully continued to the present day. It is still imitated in our pantomimes & at Astley By the riding clown when acting the part of the Taylor riding to Brantford.

Boston Public Library

Extract dated, In and waistcoat such a cut and his t

1 Grav. What, art a Heathen? how dost thou understand the Scripture? the Scripture says *Adam digg'd*, could he dig without Arms? I'll put another Question to thee, if thou answerest me not to the purpose, confesse thy self ———

2 Grav. Go to.

1 Grav. What is he that builds stronger than either the Mason, the Shipwright, or the Carpenter?

2 Grav. The Gallows-maker, for that frame out-lives a thousand Tenants.

1 Grav. I like thy Wit well; the Gallows does well; but how does it well? It does well to those that do ill: now thou dost ill to say the Gallows is built stronger than the Church: argal, the Gallows may do well to thee. To't again; come, ~~what~~ <sup>either the</sup> ~~Shipwright, or the~~ <sup>a</sup> Carpenter?

2 Grav. ~~What~~ <sup>either the</sup> builds stronger than a Mason, ~~the~~ <sup>a</sup> Shipwright, or ~~the~~ Carpenter?

1 Grav. Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.

2 Grav. ~~Many~~, Now I can tell.

1 Grav. To't.

2 Grav. ~~Many~~ I cannot tell.

1 Grav. Cudgel thy Brains no more about it; for your dull Ass will not mend his pace with beating; and when thou art ask'd this Question next, say a Grave-digger; the Houles <sup>that</sup> he makes last till Doomsday. Go get thee <sup>to Youghan</sup> ~~is~~, and fetch me a Stoup of Liquor.

[Exit 2 Grav.]

*In Youth, when I did love, did love,* [Sings.]

*Methought it was very sweet,*

*To contract, O, the time, for, as my behove,*

*O methought there was nothing meet.*

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. Has this Fellow no feeling in his Business, that he sings <sup>at</sup> Grave-making?

Hor. Custom hath made it in him a Property of Easiness.

Ham. 'Tis e'en so; the Hand of little Employment hath the daintier Sense.

Grav. *But Age, with stealing steps,* [Sings.]

*Hath clawed me in his Clutch,*

*And hath shipped me into the Land,*

*As if I never had been such.*

Ham.

+ I am clearly of opinion  
for representation: but  
here retained for the

Extract from a Letter of Mr Dounce to Mr Herrick  
dated, July 28, 1812.

In answer to your friends enquiry about the grave-diggers  
misstatements in Hamlet I answer — there is not, nor ever was  
such a custom in Denmark — This person is the clown of the play  
and his business was to make as much mirth as he could, &  
in acting as well as speaking. — I have no doubt that the person  
who play'd this Char. in Shakespeares time did the like to amuse  
the galleries, & that the practice has been faithfully continued  
to the present day. It is still imitated in our pantomimes &  
at Botley by the riding clown when acting the part of the taylor  
riding to Brauntford.



*Ham.* That Scull had a Tongue in it, and could sing once; how the Knave jowls it to the Ground, as if 'twere Cain's Jaw-bone, that did the first Murder! this might be the Pate of a Politician, ' which this Afs now o'er-reaches; one that would circumvent <sup>craft,</sup> Heaven,' might it not?

*Hor.* It might, my Lord.

' *Ham.* Or of a Courtier, which could say, Good-morrow, my Lord, how dost thou, sweet Lord? This might be my Lord such-a-one, that praised my Lord such-a-one's Horse when he went to beg <sup>it</sup> him; might it not?

' *Hor.* <sup>It</sup> my Lord.

' *Ham.* Why, e'en so; and, now, 'tis my Lady Worm's; chapless, and knock'd about the Mazzard <sup>with</sup> of a Sexton's Spade: here's a fine Revolution, and ' we had the trick to see't: Did these Bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at Loggats with them? mine ake to think on't.

*Grav.* *A Pickax, and a Spade, a Spade,*

*For and a shrouding Sheet;*

*O! a Pit of Clay for to be made*

*For such a Guest is meet.*

*Ham.* There's another; why may not that be the Scull of a Lawyer? Where be his Quidditties now? his Quillitties, his Cases, his Tenures, and his Tricks? Why does he suffer this <sup>mad</sup> Knave now to knock him about the Sconce with a dirty Shovel, and will not tell him of his Action of Battery? Hump! this Fellow might be in's time a great Buyer of Land, with his Statutes, his Recognizances, his Fines, his double Vouchers, his Recoveries: ' Is this the Fine of his Fines, and the Recovery of his Recoveries, to have his fine Pate full of fine Dirt?' Will his Vouchers vouch him no more of his Purchases, and Doubles <sup>ones for</sup>, than the Length and Breadth of a pair of Indentures? The very Conveyances of his Land will scarcely lie in this Box; and must the Inheritor himself have no more? ha!

*Hor.* Not a jot more, my Lord.

' *Ham.* Is not Parchment made of Sheep-skins?

' *Hor.* Ay, my Lord, and of Calve'skins too.

*Ham.*

*Ham.* 'They are Sheep, and Calves, who <sup>ick</sup> seek out Assurance in that.' I will speak to this Fellow: Whose Grave's this, Sirrah?

*Grav.* Mine, Sir — *Oh! a Pit of Clay for to be made,  
For such a guest is meet.* [Sings.

*Ham.* I think it <sup>be</sup> thine indeed, for thou ly'st in't.

*Grav.* You lie out on't, Sir; and, therefore, 'tis not yours: for my part, I do not lie in't, yet it's mine.

*Ham.* Thou dost lye in't, to be in't, and say it is thine; 'tis for the Dead, ~~and~~ not for the Quick; therefore, thou ly'st.

*Grav.* 'Tis a quick Lye, Sir; 'twill <sup>away,</sup> again, from me to you.

*Ham.* What Man dost thou dig it for?

*Grav.* For no Man, Sir.

*Ham.* What Woman, then?

*Grav.* For none, neither.

*Ham.* Who is't to be buried in't?

*Grav.* One that was a Woman, Sir; but, rest her Soul, she's dead.

*Ham.* How absolute the Knave is! we must speak by the Card, or Equivocation will undo us. *Horatio*, these three Years I have ~~take~~ notice of it; 'the Age is grown so pick'd,' that the toe of the Peasant comes so near the heel of the Courtier, he galls his Kibe. — How long hast thou been a Grave-maker?

*Grav.* Of all the Days i'th' Year, I came to't that Day our last King *Hamlet* overcame *Fortinbras*.

*Ham.* How long 's that since?

*Grav.* Cannot you tell that? Every Fool can tell that; it was that very day that young *Hamlet* was born, he that is mad, and sent into *England*.

*Ham.* Ay, ~~many~~, why was he sent into *England*?

*Grav.* Why! because he was mad; he shall recover his Wits there; or, if he do not, 'tis no great matter there.

*Ham.* Why?

*Grav.* 'Twill not be seen in him there; there the Men are as mad as he.

*Ham.* How came he mad?

*Grav.* Very strangely, they say.

*Ham.*







HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.* 93

Ham. How strangely?

Grav. ~~Why~~ e'en with losing his Wits.

Ham. Upon what ground?

Grav. Why, here in *Denmark*; where I have been  
Sexton <sup>here</sup> Man and Boy, thirty Years.

~~Ham. How long will a Man lie i'th' Earth ere he rot?~~

~~Grav. Faith if he be not rotten before he die, as we  
have many a pocky Corset that will scarce hold the laying  
in, he will last you some eight Years, or nine Years: a  
Tanner will last you nine Years.~~

~~Ham. Why he more than another?~~

~~Grav. Why, Sir, his Hide is so tann'd with his Trade,  
that he will keep out Water a great while, and your  
Water is a fore Decayer of your whorson dead Body.  
Here's a Skull now hath lien you i'th' Earth three and  
twenty Years.~~

~~Ham. Whose was it?~~

~~Grav. A whorson mad Fellow it was; whose do  
you think it was?~~

~~Ham. Nay I know not.~~

~~Grav. A pestilence on him for a mad Rogue, He  
pour'd a Flaggon of Rhenish on my head once: This same  
Skull, Sir, was Sir *Yorick's* Skull, the King's Jester.~~

~~Ham. This?~~

~~Grav. Even that.~~

~~Ham. Alas! poor *Yorick*! I knew him, *Horatio*; a Fel-  
low of infinite Jest, of most excellent Fancy; he hath  
born me on his back a thousand times; 'and, now, how  
'abhor'd in my Imagination is it? my Gorge rises at it.'  
Here hung those Lips, that I have kiss'd I know not how  
oft: Where be your Jibes now? your Jest? your Songs?  
your Flashes of Merriment, that were wont to set the  
Table on a roar? Not one, now, to mock your own grin-  
ning? quite chopfaln? Now get you to my Lady's Table,  
and tell her, let her paint an Inch thick, to this Complex-  
ion she must come; make her laugh at that.  
Pr'ythee, *Horatio*, tell me one thing.~~

~~Hor. What's that, my Lord?~~

~~Ham. Dost thou think *Alexander* look'd on this fashion  
i'th' Earth?~~

*Hor.*

94 HAMLET, Prince of Denmark.

Hor. E'en so.

Ham. And smelt so? pah! [Smelling to the Skull.

Hor. E'en so, my Lord.

Ham. To what base Uses we may return, Horatio? Why may not Imagination trace the noble Dust of Alexander, till ~~we~~ find it stopping a Bung-hole?

Hor. 'Twere to consider too curiously, to consider so.

Ham. No faith, not a jot; but to follow him thither with Modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it: As thus, Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returneth to Dust; the Dust is Earth, of Earth we make Loins; and, why, of that Loins<sup>out</sup> whereto he was converted, might they not stop a Beer-barrel?

Imperish<sup>out</sup> Caesar, dead, and turn'd to Clay,  
Might stop a hole to keep the Wind away:  
O that that Earth, which kept the World in awe,  
Should patch a Wall t'expel the Winter's Flaw.

*Inter* ~~Scene draws, and discovers the King, Queen, Laertes and Priest, with a Corse.~~

But soft, but soft awhile, here comes the King,  
The Queen, ~~and all the Court~~: who is this they follow?  
~~And with such maimed Rites? This doth betoken,  
The Corse they follow did with desperate hand  
Destroy its own Life; 'Twere of some Estate:~~

*Concl* ~~Stand~~ by a while, and mark.

Laer. What Ceremony else?

Ham. That is Laertes, a very noble Youth: ~~mark.~~

~~Laer. What Ceremony else?~~

~~Priest. Her Obsequies have been as far enlarg'd  
As we have Warranty; her Death was doubtful,  
And but that great Command o'er-sways the Order,  
She should in Ground un sanctify'd be lodg'd;  
For charitable Prayers,  
Flints and Pebbles should be thrown upon her:  
Yet here she is allow'd her Virgin Rites,  
Her Maiden Strewments, and the bringing home  
Of Bell and Burial.~~

~~Laer. Must there no more be done?~~

~~Priest. No more:  
We should profane the Service of the Dead,~~





~~To sing a Requiem, and such Rest to her  
As to peace parted Souls.~~

Laer. Lay her i'th' Earth,  
And from her fair and unpolluted Flesh  
May Violets spring: ~~I tell thee churlish Priest,~~ *My sister! th!*  
~~A ministering Angel shall my Sister be,~~ *my sister!*  
~~When thou liest howling.~~

Ham. What! the fair Ophelia!

Queen. Sweets to the Sweet; farewell!

[Throws in a Garland of Flowers.]

I hop'd thou shouldst have been my Hamlet's Wife;  
I thought thy Bride-bed to have deck'd, sweet Maid,  
And not have strew'd thy Grave.

Laer. O treble Woe!

~~Fall ten times double on that cursed Head,  
Whose wicked Deeds depriv'd thee of  
Thy most ingenuous Sense: hold off the Earth awhile,  
Till I have caught her once more in my Arms.~~

[Leaps into the Grass.]

~~Now pile your Dust upon the Quick and Dead,  
Till of this Flat a Mountain you have made  
To'top old Pelion, or the skyish Head  
Of blue Olympus.~~

Ham. What is he, whose Grief  
Bears such an Emphasis? whose Phrase of Sorrow  
~~Conjures the wandering Stars and makes them stand~~  
~~Like wonder wounded Hearers?~~ *His Sister?*

Hamlet the Dane.

[Leaps into the Grass.]

Laer. Perdition catch thee!

[Grappling with him.]

Ham. Thou pray'st not well:

I pr'ythee take thy Fingers from my Throat,  
For, tho' I am not splenetic and rash,  
Yet have I in me something dangerous,  
Which let thy Wisdom fear— Hold off thy Hand.

King. Pluck them asunder.

Queen. Hamlet, Hamlet.

All. Gentlemen.

Hor. Good my Lord, be quiet.

Ham ~~Why I will fight with him upon this Theme,  
Until my Eyelids will no longer Wag.~~

Queen.

96 HAMLET, Prince of Denmark.

*Queen.* O my Son! what Theme?

*Ham.* I lov'd *Opbelia*; forty thousand Brothers  
Could not, with all their quantity of Love,  
Make up my Sum: What wilt thou do for her?

*King.* O he is mad, *Laertes*.

*Queen.* Forbear him.

*Ham.* ~~Shew me what thou wilt do;~~

~~Wilt weep, wilt fight, wilt fast, wilt tear thy self,  
Wilt drink up *Esfil*, eat a Crocodile?~~

~~I'll do't. Dost thou come here to whine?~~

~~To out-face me with leaping in her Grave?~~

~~Be buried quick with her, and so will I.~~

~~And if you prate of Mountains, let them throw~~

~~Millions of Acres on us, till our Ground~~

~~Singeing his Pate against the burning Zone,~~

~~Make *Ossa* like a Wart: nay, and thou'lt mouth;~~

~~I'll rant as well as thou.~~

*Queen.* This is mere Madnes;

And thus, awhile, the Fit will work on him;

Anon, as patient as the female Dove,

When first her golden Couplets are disclos'd,

His Silence will sit drooping.

*Ham.* Hear you, Sir;

What is the reason that you use me thus?

I lov'd you ever: but it is no matter, —

~~Let *Hercules* himself do what he may,~~

~~The Cat will mew, a Dog will have his Day.~~

[*Ex.* *Ham.* and *Hor.*]

*King.* I pray thee, good *Horatio*, wait upon him,  
Strengthen your Patience in our last night's Speech.

[*To Laertes.*]

We'll put the matter to the present push;

Good *Gertrude*, set some watch over your Son. —

This Grave shall have a living Monument:

' An hour of Quiet thereby shall we see,

' Till then, in Patience our Proceedings be. † [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Hamlet and Horatio.*

*Ham.* So much for this, Sir, you shall now see the other; —  
You do remember all the Circumstance?

*Hor.* Remember it, my Lord?

*Ham.*



I should be glad to introduce you to the  
and I would be glad to see you again if you  
= 450

Scene II. A Hall.

Enter the Duke of Burgundy  
The Duke of Burgundy, who is the  
Duke



HAMLET, Prince of Denmark. 97

Ham. Sir, in my Heart there was a kind of fighting  
 That would not let me sleep. ' Methought I lay  
 ' Worse than the Mutineers in the Bilboes, ~~Rashness~~ <sup>ly,</sup> —  
 ' (And prais'd be Rashness for it) Let us know,  
 ' Our Indiscretion sometimes serves us well,  
 ' When our deep Plots do fall: and that should ~~learn~~ <sup>teach</sup> us,  
 There's a Divinity that shapes our Ends,  
 Rough-hew them how we will.

Hor. That is most certain.

Ham. Up from my Cabin,  
 My Sea-Gown ~~wrapt~~ <sup>cast</sup> about me, in the dark  
 I grop'd to find them out; had my Desire;  
~~Received~~ their Pacquet; and, in fine, withdrew  
 To mine own Room again; making so bold,  
 (My Fears forgetting Manners) to unfold  
 Their grand Commission; where I found, *Horatio*,  
 An exact Command; —

' Larded with many several forts of Reasons,  
 ' Importing *Denmark's* Health, and *England's* too,  
 ' With, ~~ho~~ such Bugs and Goblins in my Life; —  
 ' That on the supervise, no leisure bated,  
 ' No not to stay the grinding of an Axe,  
 That, soon as I to *England* came,  
 My Head should be struck off.

Hor. Is't possible?

Ham. Here's the Commission; read it at more leisure.  
 But wilt thou hear, now, how I did proceed?

Hor. I beseech you.

Ham. Being thus be-netted round with Villainies,  
 Ere I could make a Prologue to my Brains,  
 They had begun the Play; I sat me down,  
 Devis'd a new Commission; wrote it fair:  
 ' I once did hold it, as our Statists do,  
 ' A Baseness to write fair, and labour'd much  
 ' How to forget that Learning; but, Sir, now  
 ' It did me Yeoman's Service.' Wilt thou know  
 The Effect of what I wrote?

Hor. Ay, good my Lord.

Ham. An earnest Conjunction from the King, —  
 As *England* was his faithful Tributary;

E

As

my *Fortinbras*,  
 by did concert  
 my return,

And anxious tarry his arrival here.

As Love between them like the Palm might flourish,  
 As Peace should still her wheaten Garland wear,  
 ' And stand a Commatt'ween their Amities;  
 ' And many such like *As's* of great Charge, —  
 That, on the View, <sup>and knowing</sup> of these Contents,  
 Without debatement further, more, or less,  
 He should these Bearers put to sudden Death,  
~~Not Shriv'ing-time allow'd.~~

*Hor.* How was this seal'd?

*Ham.* ' Why, even in that was Heaven ordina't:  
 I had my Father's Signet in my Pocket, <sup>in mine,</sup>  
 Which was the Model of that *Danish* Seal;  
 I folded the Writ up in the Form of the other,  
 Subscrib'd it; gav't th' Impression; plac'd it safely,  
 ' The Changeling never known: ' Now, the next day  
 Was our Sea-fight; and what to this was sequent  
 Thou know'st already.

*Hor.* So *Guildenstern* and *Rosencrans* <sup>went</sup> to't.

*Ham.* ' Why, Man, they did make Love to this Em-  
 ployment.

They are not near my Conscience; their Defeat  
 Does by their own Insinuation grow;  
 ' 'Tis dangerous, when the baser Nature comes,  
 ' Between the Pass and fell incensed Point  
 ' Of mighty Opposites.

*Hor.* Why, what a King is this!

*Ham.* Does it not, think you, stand me now upon?  
 He that hath kill'd my King, <sup>and</sup> ~~whom~~ <sup>murder'd</sup> my Mother,  
 Stept in between th' Election and my Hopes,  
 ' Thrown out his Angle for my proper Life,  
 ' And with such Cozenage, is't not perfect Conscience?  
 ' ~~To quit him with this Arm? and is't not to be damn'd,~~  
 ' To let this Canker of our Nature come  
 In further Evil?

*Hor.* It must be shortly known to him from *England*,  
 What is the issue of the Business there.

*Ham.* It will be short.

The *Interim's* mine; and a Man's life's no more  
 Than to say, one.

+ But I am verfy sorry, good *Horatio*,

That

+ If the first scene of this act is omitted,  
 the remainder of this Speech should be so likewise.

^ I have told thee too  
How that I chanc'd upon young Fotherbras,  
And what with him we jointly did concert.  
I've sent to let him know of my return,  
And anxious tarry his arrival here.



HAMLET, Prince of Denmark. 99

That to *Laertes* I forgot my self;  
For, by the Image of my Cause I see  
The Portraiture of his; I'll count his Favours:  
But, sure, the Bravery of his Grief did put me  
Into a towering Passion.

*Hor.* Peace, who comes here?

*Enter Osrick.*

*Os.* Your Lordship is right welcome back to *Denmark*!

*Ham.* I humbly thank you, Sir.

Dost know this Water-Fly?

*Hor.* No, my good Lord.

*Ham.* Thy state is the more gracious; for 'tis a Vice to  
know him; he hath much Land and fertile; let a Beast  
be Lord of Beasts, and his Crib shall stand at the King's  
Mefs; 'tis a Chough: but, as I said, spacious in the pos-  
session of Dirt.

*Os.* Sweet Lord, if your Lordship were at leisure, I  
should impart a thing to you from his Majesty.

*Ham.* I will receive it, Sir, with all diligence of Spi-  
rit: your Bonnet to his right use; 'tis for the Head.

*Os.* I thank your Lordship, 'tis very hot.

*Ham.* No, believe me, it is very cold; the Wind is  
Northerly.

*Os.* It is indifferent cold, my Lord, indeed.

*Ham.* But, yet, methinks, it is very sultry and hot;  
for my Complexion ———

*Os.* Exceedingly, my Lord; it is very sultry, as 'twere, ———  
I cannot tell how. ——— My Lord, his Majesty bid me sig-  
nify unto you, that he has laid a great Wager on your  
Head; Sir, this is the matter, ———

*Ham.* I beseech you, remember ———

*Os.* Nay, good my Lord; for my Ease. ——— Sir,  
here is newly come to Court, *Laertes*; believe me, an ab-  
solute Gentleman, full of most excellent Differences, of  
very soft Society, and great Showing, indeed, to speak  
feelingly of him, he is the very Card or Calendar of  
Gentry, for you shall find in him the Substance of what  
part a Gentleman would see.

*Ham.* Sir, his Definement suffers no loss in you; tho',  
I know, to divide him inventorially, would, perhaps, dizzy  
th'

— nt, well? —

th'Arithmetick of Mem'ry; 'and yet but raw, neither, in  
'respect of his quick Sail.' But, in the Verity of Extol-  
ment, I take him to be a Soul of great article, and his  
infusion of such dearth and rareness, as, to make true  
Diction of him, his Semblable is his Mirrour; and, who  
else would trace him, his Umbrage, ~~and~~ nothing more.

*Ost.* Your Lordship speaks most infallibly of him.

*Ham.* The Concernancy, Sir? why do we wrap the  
Gentleman in our <sup>more</sup> rawer Breath?

*Ost.* Sir?

'*Hor.* Is't not possible to understand in another Tongue?  
'You will do't, Sir, ~~really~~ <sup>really</sup>. [man?]

*Ham.* What imports the Nomination of this Gentle-

*Ost.* Of *Laertes*?

*Ham.* Of him, Sir. 'His Purse is empty already, all  
<sup>his</sup> golden words are spent.

*Ost.* I know, you not ignorant.

*Ham.* I would you did, Sir; yet, if you did, it would  
not much approve me — well, Sir.

*Ost.* You are not ignorant of what Excellence *Laer-*  
*tes* is —

*Ham.* I dare not confess that, lest I should compare  
with him in Excellence; ~~for~~ <sup>not</sup> to know a Man well, were  
to know himself.

*Ost.* I mean, Sir, for his Weapon; 'but in the impu-  
'tation laid on him by them, in his meed' he's unfellow'd.

*Ham.* What's his Weapon?

*Ost.* ~~Single~~ Rapier and Dagger.

*Ham.* The King, Sir, hath wager'd with him six *Barbary*  
Horses: against the which he has impawn'd, as I take  
it, six *French* Rapiers and Poniards, with their Assigns,  
as Girdle, Hangers, and so — three of the Carriages are  
very dear to fancy, very responsive to the Hilts, most deli-  
cate Carriages, and of very liberal Conceit.

*Ham.* What call you the Carriages?

'*Hor.* I knew you must be edify'd by the Margin,  
'Ere you had done.

*Ost.* The Carriages, Sir, are the Hangers.

*Ham.* The Phrase would be more german to the mat-  
ter, if we <sup>could</sup> carry'd a Cannon by our sides. 'I would it  
'might



Ham. That's two of his weapons: but, well? —



might be Hangers till then. ' But, on; fix *Barbary* Horse<sup>s</sup> against six *French* Swords, their Poniards and Assigns, and three liberal-conceited Carriages, that's the *French* Bet against the *Danish*; as I take it. *Why is this imprav'd, as you call it?*

*Ost.* The King hath laid, Sir, that, in a dozen Palfies, between your self and him, he shall not exceed you three Hits; he hath laid twelve for mine; and it would come to immediate trial, if your Lordship would vouchsafe the Answer.

*Ham.* How, if I answer, No?

*Ost.* I mean, my Lord, the Opposition of your Person in trial.

*Ham.* Sir, I will walk here in the Hall; ' if it please his Majesty, ' it is the breathing time of the day with me; let the Foils be brought, the Gentleman willing, and the King hold his purpose, I will win for him if I can; if not, I will gain nothing but my shame, and the odd hits.

*Ost.* Shall I deliver <sup>you</sup> so?

*Ham.* To this effect, Sir; after what flourish your Nature will.

*Ost.* I commend my Duty to your Lordship. [Exit.

*Ham.* Yours does well to commend it self; there's no Tongue else <sup>in</sup> for <sup>his</sup> turn.

*Hor.* This Lap-wing runs away with the Shell on his head.

*Ham.* He did so, Sir, with his Dug before he suck'd ~~it~~ Thus has he, (and many more of the same breed, that I know, ' the drossy Age doats on, ) only got the tune of the Time, <sup>and outwards</sup> a habit of Encounter, a kind of yesty Collection, which carries them thro' and thro' the most ~~profane~~ <sup>win</sup> and ~~ignowled~~ Opinions; and do but blow them to their Trial, the Bubbles are out.

Enter a Gentleman.

*Cent.* My Lord, his Majesty commended him to you by young *Ostrick*, who brings back to him that you attend him in the Hall: he sends to know if your pleasure hold to play with *Laertes*, or that you will take longer time.

*the King to inform you,  
and with, with your  
your skill.*

*not welcome.*

*allant princee,  
our court.*

*lord  
oble Denmark,  
in I come.*

*Ham.* I am constant to my purposes, they follow the King's pleasure; if his fitness speaks, mine is ready; now or whensoever, provided I be so able as now.

*Gent.* The King and Queen, and all are coming down.

*Gent.* The Queen desires you to use some gentle Entertainment to *Laertes*, before you go to play.

*Ham.* She well instructs me.

*[Exit Gent.]*

*Hor.* You will lose, my Lord.

*Ham.* I do not think so; since he went into France, I have been in continual practice; I shall win at the odds: ~~You would not think how ill all's here about my heart; but it is no matter.~~

*Hor.* Nay, good my Lord.

*Ham.* It is but foolery; but it is such a kind of boding, as would perhaps trouble a Woman.

*Hor.* If your Mind dislike any thing, obey it; I will forestal their repair hither, and say you are not fit.

*Ham.* Not a whit, we defy Augury: 'there is a special Providence in the Fall of a Sparrow; if it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come: the readiness is all, since no Man has ought of what he leaves, what is't to leave behind?' ~~times?~~ *[Exit]*

*[Enter King, Queen, Laertes, Gentlemen and Guards. Re-enter Hamlet and Horatio.]*

*King.* Come, *Hamlet*, come and take his hand from me.

*Ham.* Give me your pardon, Sir; I've done you wrong. But pardon't as you are a Gentleman: ~~this Presence knows,~~ And you must needs have heard how I am punish'd With a sore Distraction; what I have done, That might your Nature, Honour, and Exception, Roughly awake, I here proclaim was *Madness*.  
'Was't *Hamlet* wrong'd *Laertes*? never *Hamlet*;  
'If *Hamlet* from himself be ta'en away,  
'And when he's not himself does wrong *Laertes*,  
'Then *Hamlet* does it not, *Hamlet* denies it.

Genl. I am commissioned, moreover, by the King to inform you,  
that Prince Fortinbras is arrived, and will, with your  
permission, witness this trial of your skill.

Ham. Most willingly. He is most welcome.

Ham. Welcome to Elsinour, thou gallant prince,  
It glads my heart to see thee at our court.

Genl. To pay my service unto noble Denmark,  
And greet the noble Hamlet am I come.

King.



~~Who does it then? his Madnefs: if't be fo,~~  
~~Hamlet is of the Faction that is wrong'd,~~  
~~His Madnefs is poor Hamlet's Enemy,~~  
 Let my difclaiming from a purpos'd Evil,  
 Free me fo far in your moft generous Thoughts;  
 That I have fhut my Arrow o'er the Houfe,  
 And hurt my Brother.

Laer. I am fatisfy'd in Nature,  
 Whole Motive, in this Cafe, fhould fir me moft  
 To my Revenge; ' but, in my Terms of Honour,  
 ' I ftand aloof; and will no Reconcilement,  
 ' Till, by fome elder Mafters of known Honour,  
 ' I have a Voice and Precedent of Peace,  
 ' To keep my Name ungor'd: but till that time  
 I do receive your offer'd Love, like Love,  
 And will not wrong it.

Ham. I embrace it freely;  
 And will this Brother's Wager frankly play.  
 Give us the Foils: *Come on.*

Laer. Come, one for me.

Ham. I'll be your Foil, *Laertes*; in mine Ignorance  
 Your Skill fhall, like a Star, i'th' darkeft Night appear.

Laer. You mock me Sir.

Ham. No, on my honour.

King. Give them the Foils, young *Ostrick*: Coufin  
*Hamlet*, you know the Wager.

Ham. Very well, my Lord:  
 Your Grace has laid the odds o'th' weaker fide.

King. I do not fear it: I have feen you both; —  
 But, fince he's better'd, we have therefore odds.

Laer. This is too heavy, let me fee another.

Ham. This likes me well; thefe Foils have all a length?

Ost. Ay, my good Lord.

King. Set me the Stoups of Wine upon that Table; —  
 If *Hamlet* give the firft or fecond hit,  
 Or quit in answer of the third Exchange,  
 Let all the Battlements their Ordnance fire;  
 The King fhall drink to *Hamlet's* better breath;  
 And in the Cup an <sup>upon</sup> ~~onyx~~ fhall he throw,  
 Richer than that, which four fucceffive Kings

104 HAMLET, Prince of Denmark.

In Denmark's Crown have worn; Give me the Cup;  
 And let the Kettle to the Trumpet speak,  
 The Trumpet to the Cannoneer without,  
~~The Cannons to the Heavens; the Heavens to Earth.~~  
 Now the King drinks to Hamlet:—come, begin. —

[Trumpets the while.]

And, you, the Judges, bear a wary Eye.

Ham. Come on, Sir.

Laer. Come, my Lord.

Ham. One.

Laer. No.

Ham. Judgment.

(Shout.)

Ost, A Hit, a very palpable Hit, [Drums, Trumpets, and

Laer. Well ——— again. [Flourish, a Piece goes off.]

King. Stay, give me the Drink; Hamlet, this Pearl is  
 thine; here's to thy Health: Give him the Cup.

Ham. I'll play this bout first, set it by awhile.

Come — another Hit — what say you?

Laer. I do confess<sup>at a touch a touch,</sup>.

King. Our Son shall win.

Queen. ~~He's fat and feant of Breath.~~

Here, Hamlet, take my Handkerchief, <sup>and</sup> wipe thy Brows:  
 The Queen ~~salutes~~ thy Fortune, Hamlet.

Ham. Good Madam ———

King. Gertrude, do not drink.

Queen. I will, my Lord; I pray you pardon me.

King. It is the poison'd Cup; it is too late. [Aside.]

Ham. I dare not drink yet, Madam; by and by.

Queen. Come, let me wipe thy Face.

Laer. My Lord, I'll hit him now.

King. I do not think't.

Laer. And yet it is almost against my Conscience. [Aside.]

Ham. Come, for the third, Laertes; you but dally;

I pray you pass with your best violence;

I am <sup>upward</sup> sure you make a wanton of me.

Laer. Say you so? Come on.

Ost. Nothing neither way.

Laer. Have at you now.

[Laertes wounds Hamlet; In scuffling they change Rapiers,  
 and Hamlet wounds Laertes.]

King.





1 Ham. The king! the king to blame!

Oh! thou incestuous king: abhorred fratricide!

King. Treason! Treason! Arrest him straight —

Ham. Treason! Treason! and Claudius is the traitor.

Stand off. Before you all I do impeach

That fell usurper as a bloody traitor,

False to his king, his country, and his brother.

He poison'd him while sleeping in his garden.

Gen. Guards, do your office. Seize the traitor king,

And keep him safe until his doom be fix'd.

King. Nay, then, I see my fate; — but, thus, I baulk it.

This drink will free me from the traitorous charge. (drinks)

Ham. Abhorred villain! This was thy union then?

King. Most just, most just. My brother he was poison'd

To make way for me to his bed and crown,

And, now, by poison, mingled by myself,

Of crown, of queen, of life I am bereft.

But oh! the after judgment! Hamlet, there —

I can no more, the crown of right is thine;

Wear it, and wear it worthily — oh! oh!

My brother — poison — oh!! [Dies]

HAMLET, Prince of Denmark. 105

King. Part them, they are incens'd.

Ham. Nay, come, again.

Ost. Look to the Queen there, ho!

Hor. ~~They bleed on both sides. How is't my Lord?~~

Ost. How is't, Laertes?

Laer. Why as a Woodcock caught in mine own Springe!

I am justly kill'd with mine own Treachery. [Ostrick.

Ham. How does the Queen?

King. She swoons to see them bleed. [Hamlet.

Queen. No no, the Drink, the Drink, — O, my dear

'The Drink, the Drink — I am poison'd. [She dies.

Ham. O Villain! Ho! let the Door be lock'd;

Treachery! seek it out.

Laer. It is here, Hamlet — <sup>oh! I am</sup> thou art slain;

No Medicine in the World can do ~~thee~~ good,

In ~~thee~~ there is not half an hour's Life:

The treacherous Instrument is in thy hand,

Unbated and evenom'd; the foul Practice

Hath turn'd it self on me. Lo, here I lie,

Never to rise again: thy Mother's poison'd; —

I can no more — the King, the King's to blame.

Ham. The Point evenom'd too, then Venom to thy

work. — [Stabs the King.

All Treason, Treason!

King. O yet defend me Friends! I am but hurt.

Ham. Here thou incestuous Dane.

Drink off this Potion: is the Onyx here?

Fellow my Mother. [King dies.

Laer. He's justly serv'd; it is a Poison temper'd by him-

Exchange Forgiveness with me, noble Hamlet; (self. —

Mine and my Father's Death come not upon thee,

Not ~~thine~~ on me. [Dies.

Ham. Heaven make thee free of it, I follow thee:

~~I am dead, Horatio;~~ wretched Queen, farewell.

You that look pale and tremble at this Chance,

That are but Mutes or Audience to this Act,

Had I but time (as this fell Serjeant Death

Is strict in his Arrest) O I could tell you;

But let it be: ~~Horatio, I am dead;~~

Thou

Ham. The king! the king to blame!

Oh! thou incestuous king: abhorred parricide!

King. Treason! Treason! Arrest him straight —

Ham. Treason! Treason! and Claudius is the traitor.

Stand off. Before you all I do impeach

That fell usurper as a

False to his king, his

He poison'd him while

Gov. Guards, do your off

And keep him safe un

King. Nay, then, I see my

This drink will free me

Ham. Abhorred villain!

King. Most just, most,

To make way for me to

And, now, by poison, me

Of crown, of queen, of life

But Oh! the after judg<sup>r</sup>

I can no more, the ev<sup>r</sup>

Wear it, and wear it

My brother — poison —

106 HAMLET, Prince of Denmark.

Thou liv'st, report me and my Cause aright  
To the unsatisfy'd;

Hor. Never believe it.

I am more an antique Roman than a Dane,

Here's yet some Liquor left.

Ham. As thou'rt a Man,

Give me the Cup; let go, I'll have't:

O Horatio, think what a wounded Name,

Things standing thus unknown, shall I leave behind me;

If thou didst ever hold me in thy Heart,

Absent thee from Felicity awhile

And in this harsh World draw thy Breath in pain

To tell my story: what warlike Noise is this?

[A March afar off.]

Enter Ostrick.

Of. Young Fortinbras with Conquest come from Poland,  
To the Ambassadors of England gives this warlike Volley.

Ham. O I die, Horatio,

The potent Poison quite o'er-grows my Spirit;

I cannot live to hear the News from England,

But I do prophesy the Election lights

On Fortinbras; he has my dying Voice,

So tell him, with th' Occurrents more and less

Which have solicited, O — the rest in silence, [Dies.]

Hor. Now cracks the Cordage of a noble Heart; good  
night, sweet Prince,

And Choirs of Angels sing thee to thy Rest.

Why does the Drum come hither?

Enter Fortinbras with the Ambassadors.

For. Where is this Sight?

Hor. What is it you would see?

If ought of Woe or Wonder, cease your Search.

For. This Quarry cries on havoc! O proud Death!

What Feast is toward in thine infernal Cell,

That thou so many Princes, at a shot,

So bloodily hast struck?

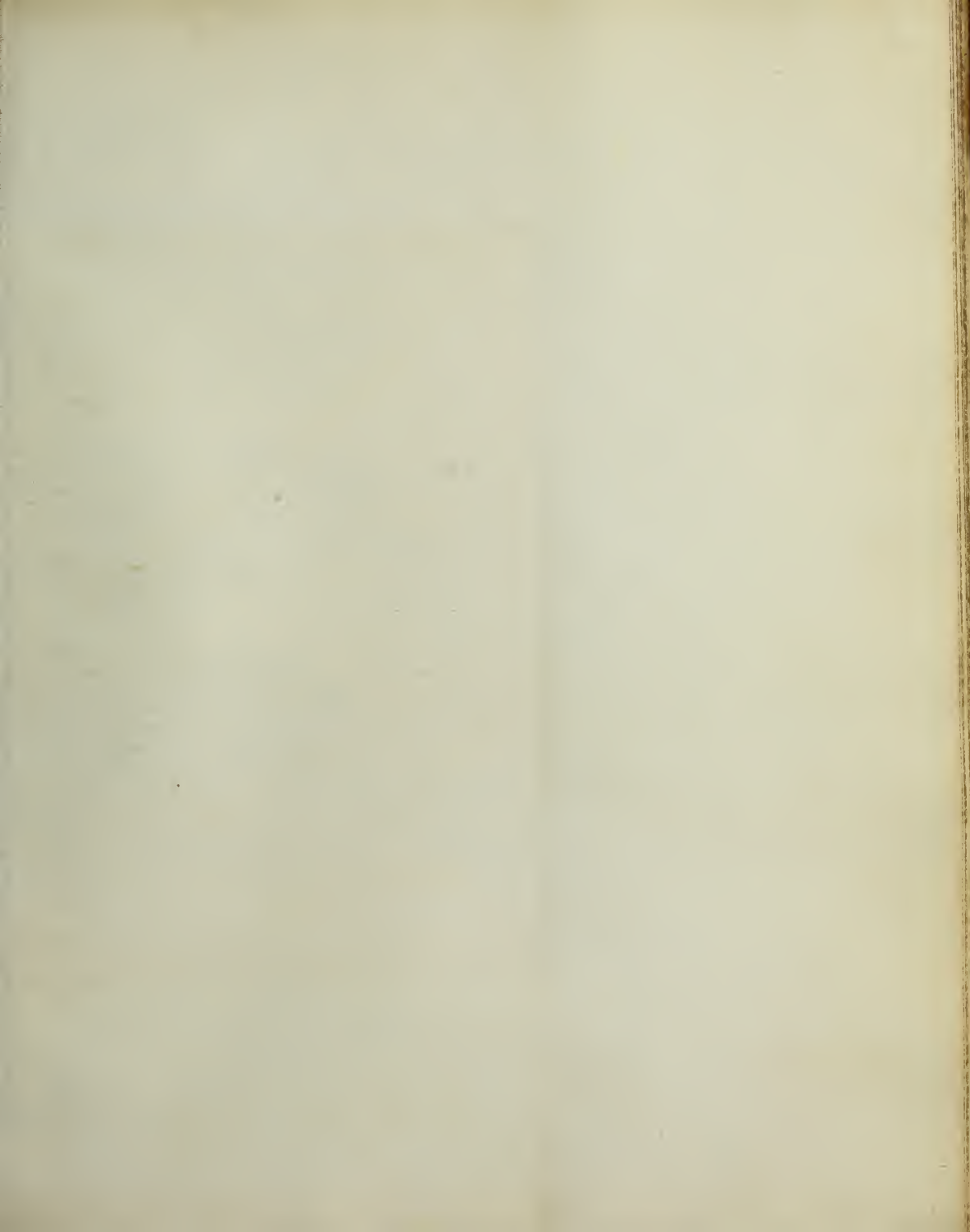
Ambass. The Sight is dismal,

And our Affairs from England come too late,

The Ears are senseless that should give us hearing;

To tell him his Commandment is fulfill'd,

That



Ham.

~~That Rosencraus and Guildenstern are dead,  
 Where should we have our Thanks?  
 Hor. Not from his Mouth,  
 Had he th' Ability of Breath to thank you:  
 He never gave Commandment for their Death.  
 But since so apt upon this bloody Question,  
 You from the Pollack Wars, and you from England  
 Are here arriv'd, give order that these Bodies  
 High, on a Stage, be plac'd to publick view;  
 And let me speak to th<sup>e</sup> yet unknowing World,  
 How these things came about; so shall you hear  
 Of cruel, bloody and unnatural Acts;  
 Of accidental Judgments, casual Slaughters,  
 Of Deaths put on by Cunning, and forc'd Cause;  
 And, in this upshot, Purposes mistook,  
 Fall'n on th<sup>e</sup> Inventor's Heads; all this can I  
 Truly deliver.~~

For. Let us haste to hear it,  
 And call the Nobles to the Audience:  
~~For me, with Sorrow I embrace my Fortune,  
 I have some Rights of memory in this Kingdom,  
 Which now to claim my Interest doth invite me.~~  
 Hor. Of that I shall have also Cause to speak,  
 And from his Mouth whose Voice will draw no more:  
 But let this same be presently perform'd,  
 Even while Men's Minds are wild, lest more mischance  
 On Plots and Errors happen.

For. Let four Captains  
 Bear ~~Hamlet~~ like a Soldier to the Stage;  
~~For he was likely, had he been put on,  
 To have prov'd most royal: and for his Passage,  
 The Soldier's Musick, and the Rights of War,  
 Speak loudly for him.~~

Take up the Bodies; such a Sight as this  
 Becomes the Field, but here shews much amiss.  
 Go, bid the Soldiers shoot.

[A dead March

Account, bearing off the dead Bodies,  
 after which, a peal of Ordnance is  
 shot off.

F I N I S.

## A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

**W**HEREAS *R. Walker*, with his Accomplices, have printed and publish'd several of *Shakespear's* Plays; and to screen their Innumerable Errors, advertise, That they are Printed as they are Acted, and Industriously report, that the said Plays are printed from Copies made use of at the Theatres. I therefore declare, in Justice to the Proprietors, whose Right is basely invaded, as well as in Defence of Myself, That no Person ever had, directly or indirectly from me, any such Copy or Copies; neither wou'd I be accessary on any Account in Imposing on the Publick such Useless, Pirated, and Maim'd Editions, as are publish'd by the said *R. Walker*.

**W. CHETWOOD**, Prompter to His Majesty's Company of Comedians at the Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane.





















































